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THE TRAGEDIE
OF
ROMEO AND IVLIET.

By
MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE :

The Text from the Folio of 1623;
with Notices of the known Editions previously issued.



LONDON.
Printed for L. Booth, 307 Regent Street, W. 1864.

THE PRINCIPLES

ROMEO AND JULIET

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
ALFRED WOODS



LONDON:

Printed by *J. Strangeways* and *H. E. Walden*, 28 Castle Street,
Leicester Square.



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THE TRAGEDIE OF
ROMEO AND IULIET.

*The Editions described below are those, as far as known, which preceded
the Folio of 1623.*

THE foundation of this play was "The Tragickall History of Romeus and Juliet, written in verse, in Italian, by Bandell, and now in English by Ar. Br. Lond. by Rich. Tottill." 1562. Small 4to.

AN excellent conceited Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet. As it hath been often (with great applause) plaid publicly, by the right Honourable the L. of Hunsdon his Seruants. Lond. Printed by John Danter, 1597. 4to. 39 leaves.

The last page is signature K 4. Signature A has three leaves.

THE most excellent and lamentable Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet. Newly corrected, augmented, and amended: As it hath bene sundry times publicly acted, by the right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Seruants. Lond. Printed by Thomas Creede, for Cuthbert Burby, and are to be sold at his shop neare the Exchange. 1599. 4to. 46 leaves.

The last page is fig. M 2.

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8 April 55 1864

Sh. W. Baldwin in Feb. 55 Library 1864

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**** By the courteous permission of J. O. HALLIWELL, Esq. F.R.S. &c., and H. G. BOHN, Esq., the above details have been obtained from the "Skeleton Hand-list of the Early Quarto Editions of the Plays of Shakespeare," and from Bohn's "Bibliographical Account of the Works of Shakespeare," 1864.*





THE TRAGEDIE OF ROMEO and IULIET.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

*Enter Sampson and Gregory, with Swords and Bucklers,
of the House of Capulet.*

Sampson.

Gregory: A my word wee'l not carry coales.

Greg. No, for then we should be Colliars.

Samp. I mean, if we be in choller, wee'l draw.

Greg. I, While' you liue, draw your necke out
o'th Collar.

Samp. I strike quickly, being mou'd.

Greg. But thou art not quickly mou'd to strike.

Samp. A dog of the house of *Mountague*, moue me.

Greg. To moue, is to stir: and to be valiant, is to stand:
Therefore, if thou art mou'd, thou runst away.

Samp. A dogge of that house shall moue me to stand.
I will take the wall of any Man or Maid of *Mountagues*.

Greg. That shewes thee a weake slaue, for the weake
goes to the wall.

Samp. True, and therefore women being the weaker
Veffels, are euer thrust to the wall: therefore I will push
Mountagues men from the wall, and thrust his Maides to
the wall. (their men.)

Greg. The Quarrell is betweene our Masters, and vs

Samp. 'Tis all one, I will shew my selfe a tyrant: when
I haue fought with the men, I will bee ciuill with the
Maids, and cut off their heads.

Greg. The heads of the Maids?

Sam. I, the heads of the Maids, or their Maiden-heads,
Take it in what fence thou wilt.

Greg. They must take it fence, that feele it.

Samp. Me they shall feele while I am able to stand:
And 'tis knowne I am a pretty peece of flesh.

Greg. 'Tis well thou art not Fish: If thou had'st, thou
had'st bene poore Iohn. Draw thy Toole, here comes of
the House of the *Mountagues*.

Enter two other Seruingmen.

Sam. My naked weapon is out: quarrel, I will back thee

Gre. How? Turne thy backe, and run.

Sam. Feare me not.

Gre. No marry: I feare thee.

Sam. Let vs take the Law of our sides: let them begin.

Gr. I wil frown as I passe by, & let thē take it as they list

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I wil bite my Thumb at them,
which is a disgrace to them, if they beare it.

Abra. Do you bite your Thumbe at vs fir?

Samp. I do bite my Thumbe, fir.

Abra. Do you bite your Thumb at vs, fir?

Sam. Is the Law of our side, if I say I?

Gre. No.

Sam. No fir, I do not bite my Thumbe at you fir: but
I bite my Thumbe fir.

Greg. Do you quarrell fir?

Abra. Quarrell fir? no fir.

(as you

Sam. If you do fir, I am for you, I serue as good a man

Abra. No better?

Samp. Well fir.

Enter Benuolio.

Gr. Say better: here comes one of my masters kinsmen.

Samp. Yes, better.

Abra. You Lye.

Samp. Draw if you be men. *Gregory*, remember thy
washing blow. *They Fight.*

Ben. Part Fooles, put vp your Swords, you know not
what you do.

Enter Tibalt.

Tyb. What art thou drawne, among these heartlesse
Hindes? Turne thee *Benuolio*, looke vpon thy death.

Ben. I do but keepe the peace, put vp thy Sword,
Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyb. What draw, and talke of peace? I hate the word
As I hate hell, all *Mountagues*, and thee:
Haue at thee Coward. *Fight.*

Enter three or foure Citizens with Clubs.

Offi. Clubs, Bils, and Partifons, strike, beat them down
Downe with the *Capulets*, downe with the *Mountagues*.

Enter old Capulet in his Gowne, and his wife.

Cap. What noise is this? Giue me my long Sword ho.

Wife. A crutch, a crutch: why call you for a Sword?

Cap. My Sword I say: Old *Mountague* is come,
And flourish his Blade in spight of me.

Enter old Mountague, & his wife.

Moun. Thou villaine *Capulet*. Hold me not, let me go

Wife. Thou shalt not stir a foote to seeke a Foe.

Enter Prince Eskales, with his Traine.

Prince. Rebellious Subiects, Enemies to peace,
Prophaners of this Neighbor-stained Steele,
Will they not heare? What hoe, you Men, you Beasts,
That quench the fire of your pernicious Rage,
With purple Fountaines issuing from your Veines:
On paine of Torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mitemper'd Weapons to the ground,
And heare the Sentence of your moued Prince.

Three ciuill Broyles, bred of an Ayery word,
By thee old *Capulet* and *Mountague*,
Haue thrice disturbd the quiet of our streets,
And made *Verona*'s ancient Citizens
Cast by their Graue befeeming Ornaments,
To wield old Partizans, in hands as old,

Cankred with peace, to part your Cankred hate,
If euer you disturbe our streets againe,
Your liues shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time all the rest depart away :
You *Capulet* shall goe along with me,
And *Montague* come you this afternoone,
To know our Fathers pleasure in this case :
To old Free-towne, our common iudgement place :
Once more on paine of death, all men depart. *Exeunt.*

Moun. Who set this auncient quarrell new abroad ?
Speake Nephew, were you by, when it began :

Ben. Heere were the seruants of your aduerfarie,
And yours close fighting ere I did approach,
I drew to part them, in the instant came
The fiery *Tibalt*, with his sword prepar'd,
Which as he breath'd defiance to my cares,
He swong about his head, and cut the windes,
Who nothing hurt withall, hist him in scorne.
While we were enterchanging thrusts and blowes,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the Prince came, who parted either part.

Wife. O where is *Romeo*, saw you him to day ?
Right glad am I, he was not in this fray.

Ben. Madam, an houre before the worshipt Sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the East,
A troubled mind draue me to walke abroad,
Where vnderneath the groue of *Sycamour*,
That West-ward rooteth from this City side :
So earely walking did I see your Sonne :
Towards him I made, but he was ware of me,
And stole into the couert of the wood,
I measuring his affections by my owne,
Which then most sought, wher most might not be found :
Being one too many by my weary selfe,
Pursued my Honour, not pursuing his
And gladly shunn'd, who gladly fled from me.

Moun. Many a morning hath he there bene seene,
With teares augmenting the fresh mornings dew,
Adding to cloudes, more cloudes with his deepe sighes,
But all so soone as the all-cheering Sunne,
Should in the farthest East begin to draw
The shadie Curtaines from *Auroras* bed,
Away from light steales home my heauy Sonne,
And priuate in his Chamber pennes himselfe,
Shuts vp his windowes, lockes faire day-light out,
And makes himselfe an artificiall night :
Blacke and portendous must this humour proue,
Vnlesse good counsell may the cause remoue.

Ben. My Noble Vncle doe you know the cause ?

Moun. I neither know it, nor can learne of him.

Ben. Haue you importun'd him by any meanes ?

Moun. Both by my selfe and many others Friends,
But he his owne affections counsellor,
Is to himselfe (I will not say how true)
But to himselfe so secret and so close,
So farre from sounding and discouery,
As is the bud bit with an enuious worme,
Ere he can spread his sweete leaues to the ayre,
Or dedicate his beauty to the same.
Could we but learne from whence his sorrowes grow,
We would as willingly giue cure, as know.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. See where he comes, so please you step aside,
He know his greouance, or be much denide.

Moun. I would thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To heare true shrift. Come Madam-let's away. *Exeunt.*

Ben. Good morrow Cousin.

Rom. Is the day fo young ?

Ben. But new strooke nine.

Rom. Aye me, sad houres seeme long :

Was that my Father that went heneo fo fast ?

Ben. It was : what sadnes lengthens *Romeo's* houres ?

Ro. Not hauing that, which hauing, makes them short

Ben. In loue.

Romeo. Out.

Ben. Of loue.

Rom. Out of her fauour where I am in loue.

Ben. Alas that loue fo gentle in his view,
Should be fo tyrannous and rough in prooffe.

Rom. Alas that loue, whose view is muffed still,
Should without eyes, see path-ways to his will :

Where shall we dine ? O me : what fray was heere ?

Yet tell me not, for I haue heard it all :

Heere's much to do with hate, but more with loue :

Why then, O brawling loue, O louing hate,

O any thing, of nothing first created :

O heauiue lightnesse, ferious vanity,

Mithapen Chaos of wellseeing formes,

Feather of lead, bright smoake, cold fire, sicke health,

Still waking sleepe, that is not what it is :

This loue feele I, that feele no loue in this.

Doeft thou not laugh ?

Ben. No Coze, I rather weepe.

Rom. Good heart, at what ?

Ben. At thy good hearts oppression.

Rom. Why such is loues tranfg resion.

Griefes of mine owne lie heauiue in my brest,

Which thou wilt propagate to haue it preast

With more of thine, this loue that thou hast showne,

Doth adde more griefe, to too much of mine owne.

Loue, is a smoake made with the fume of sighes,

Being purg'd, a fire sparking in Louers eyes,

Being vext, a Sea nourisht with louing teares,

What is it else ? a madnesse, most discreet,

A choking gall, and a preferuing sweet :

Farewell my Coze.

Ben. Soft I will goe along.

And if you leaue me so, you do me wrong.

Rom. Tut I haue lost my selfe, I am not here,

This is not *Romeo*, hee's some other where.

Ben. Tell me in sadnesse, who is that you loue ?

Rom. What shall I grone and tell thee ?

Ben. Grone, why no : but sadly tell me who.

Rom. A sicke man in sadnesse makes his will :

A word ill vrg'd to one that is fo ill :

In sadnesse Cozin, I do loue a woman.

Ben. I aym'd so neare, when I suppos'd you lou'd.

Rom. A right good marke man, and shee's faire I loue

Ben. A right faire marke, faire Coze, is soonest hit.

Rom. Well in that hit you misse, sheel not be hit

With Cupids arrow, she hath *Dians* wit :

And in strong prooffe of chastity well arm'd :

From loues weake childifh Bow, she liues vncharm'd.

Shee will not stay the siege of louing tearmes,

Nor bid th'incounter of assailing eyes.

Nor open her lap to Sainct-seducing Gold :

O she is rich in beautie, onely poore,

That when she dies, with beautie dies her store.

Ben. Then she hath sworne, that she will still liue chaste ?

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing make huge wast ?

For beauty steru'd with her feruicity,

Cuts beauty off from all posteritie.

She is too faire, too wifewi : fely too faire,
To merit blisse by making me dispaire :
She hath forsworne to loue, and in that vow
Do I liue dead, that liue to tell it now.

Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to thinke of her.

Rom. O teach me how I should forget to thinke.

Ben. By giuing liberty vnto thine eyes,
Examine other beauties,

Ro. 'Tis the way to cal hers (exquisite) in question more,
These happy maskes that kisse faire Ladies browes,
Being blacke, puts vs in mind they hide the faire :
He that is strooken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eye-sight lost :
Shew me a Mistresse that is passing faire,
What doth her beauty serue but as a note,
Where I may read who past that passing faire.
Farewell thou canst not teach me to forget,

Ben. Ile pay that doctrine, or else die in debt. *Exeunt*

Enter Capulet, Countie Paris, and the Clowne.

Capu. Mountague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike, and 'tis not hard I thinke,
For men fo old as wee, to keepe the peace.

Par. Of Honourable reckoning are you both,
And pittie 'tis you liu'd at ods so long:
But now my Lord, what say you to my sute ?

Capu. But saying ore what I haue said before,
My Child is yet a stranger in the world,
Shee hath not seene the change of fourteene yeares,
Let two more Summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may thinke her ripe to be a Bride.

Paris. Younger then she, are happy mothers made.

Capu. And too foone mar'd are those fo early made :

Earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she,
Shee's the hopefull Lady of my earth:
But wooe her gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent, is but a part,
And shee agree, within her scope of choise,
Lyes my consent, and faire according voice :
This night I hold an old accustom'd Feast,
Whereto I haue inuited many a Guest,
Such as I loue, and you among the flore,
One more, most welcome makes my number more :
At my poore house, looke to behold this night,
Earth-treading starres, that make darke heauen light,
Such comfort as do lusty young men seele,
When well apparel'd Aprill on the heele
Of limping Winter treads, euen such delight
Among fresh Fennell buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house: heare all, all see :

And like her most, whose merit most shall be :
Which one more veiw, of many, mine being one,
May stand in number, though in reckning none.
Come, goe with me: goe firrah trudge about,
Through faire Verona, find those persons out,
Whose names are written there, and to them say,
My house and welcome, on their pleasure stay. *Exit.*

Ser. Find them out whose names are written. Heere it
is written, that the Shoo-maker should meddle with his
Yard, and the Tayler with his Last, the Fisher with his
Penfill, and the Painter with his Nets. But I am sent to
find those persons whose names are writ, & can neuer find
what names the writing person hath here writ (I must to
the learned) in good time.

Enter Benuolio, and Romeo.

Ben. Tut man, one fire burnes out anothers burning,
One paine is lesned by anothers anguish :

Turne giddie, and be holpe by backward turning :
One deparate greefe, cures with anothers languish :
Take thou some new infection to the eye,
And the rank poyson of the old wil die.

Rom. Your Plantan leafe is excellent for that.

Ben. For what I pray thee ?

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why Romeo art thou mad ?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more then a mad man is:
Shut vp in prison, kept without my foode,
Whipt and tormented : and Godden good fellow,
Ser. Godgigoden, I pray sir can you read ?

Rom. I mine owne fortune in my miserie.

Ser. Perhaps you haue learn'd it without booke :
But I pray can you read any thing you see ?

Rom. I, if I know the Letters and the Language.

Ser. Ye say honestly, rest you merry.

Rom. Stay fellow, I can read.

He reads the Letter.

*S*eigneur Martino, and his wife and daughter : County An-
selme and his beauious sisters : the Lady widow of Uru-
uio, Seigneur Placentio, and his louely Nieces : Mercutio and
his brother Valentine : mine vnck Capulet bis wife and daugh-
ters : my faire Neece Rosaline, Liuia, Seigneur Valentio, & bis
Cosen Tybalt : Lucio and the liuely Helena.
A faire assembly, whither should they come ?

Ser. Vp.

Rom. Whither ? to supper ?

Ser. To our house.

Rom. Whose house ?

Ser. My Maisters.

Rom. Indeed I should haue askt you that before.

Ser. Now Ile tell you without asking. My maister is
the great rich Capulet, and if you be not of the house of
Mountagues I pray come and crush a cup of wine. Rest
you merry. *Exit.*

Ben. At this fame auncient Feast of Capulets
Supps the faire Rosaline, whom thou so loues :
With all the admired Beauties of Verona,
Go thither and with vnattained eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee thinke thy Swan a Crow.

Rom. When the deuout religion of mine eye
Maintaines such falshood, then turne teares to fire :
And these who often drown'd could neuer die,
Transparent Heretiques be burnt for liers.
One fairer then my loue : the all-seeing Sun
Nere saw her match, since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut, you saw her faire, none else being by,
Herselfe poss'd with herselfe in either eye :
But in that Christall scales, let there be waid,
Your Ladies loue against some other Maid
That I will show you, shining at this Feast,
And the shew scant shell, well, that now shewes best.

Rom. Ile goe along, no such sight to be showne,
But to reioyce in splendor of mine owne.

Enter Capulet's Wife and Nurse.

Wife Nurse wher's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurse. Now by my Maidenhead, at twelue yeare old
I had her come, what Lamb: what Ladi-bird, God forbid,
Where's this Girle? what Iuliet ?

Enter Iuliet.

Iuliet. How now, who calls ?

Nur. Your Mother.

Iuliet. Madam I am heere, what is your will ?

Wife. This is the matter : Nurse giue leaue awhile, we
muft

must talke in secret. Nurse come backe againe, I haue remembred me, thou'ſe heare our counsell. Thou knowest my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse. Faith I can tell her age vnto an houre.

Wife. Shee's not fourteen.

Nurse. Ile lay fourteene of my teeth, And yet to my teene be it spoken, I haue but foure, thee's not fourteen. How long is it now to *Lammis* tide?

Wife. A fortnight and odde dayes.

Nurse. Euen or odde, of all daies in the yeare come *Lammis* Eue at night shall she be fourteene. *Susan* & she, God rest all Christian soules, were of an age. Well *Susan* is with God, she was too good for me. But as I said, on *Lammis* Eue at night shall she be fourteene, that shall she marie, I remember it well. 'Tis since the Earth-quake now eleuen yeares, and she was wean'd I neuer shall forget it, of all the daies of the yeare, vpon that day: for I had then laid Worme-wood to my Dug fitting in the Sunne vnder the Douehouſe wall, my Lord and you were then at *Mantua*, nay I doe beare a braine. But as I said, when it did tast the Worme-wood on the nipple of my Dugge, and felt it bitter, pretty foole, to see it teachie, and fall out with the Dugge, Shake quoth the Doue-houſe, 'twas no neede I trow to bid mee trudge: and since that time it is a eleuen yeares, for then she could stand alone, nay bi'th' roode she could haue runne, & waddled all about: for euen the day before she broke her brow, & then my Husband God be with his soule, a was a merrie man, tooke vp the Child, yea quoth hee, doest thou fall vpon thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit, wilt thou not *Iule*? And by my holy-dam, the pretty wretch leste crying, & said I: to see now how a left shall come about. I warrant, & I shall liue a thousand yeares, I neuer should forget it: wilt thou not *Iule* quoth he? and pretty foole it fitted, and said I.

Old La. Inough of this, I pray thee hold thy peace.

Nurse. Yes Madam, yet I cannot chuse but laugh, to thinke it should leaue crying, & say I: and yet I warrant it had vpon it brow, a bume as big as a young Cockrels stone? A perillous knock, and it cryed bitterly. Yea quoth my husband, fall't vpon thy face, thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to age: wilt thou not *Iule*? It fainted, and said I.

Iule. And fint thou too, I pray thee *Nurse*, say I.

Nur. Peace I haue done: God marke thee too his grace thou wast the prettiest Babe that ere I nurs't, and I might liue to see thee married once, I haue my wish.

Old La. Marry that marry is the very theame I came to talke of, tell me daughter *Iuliet*, How stands your disposition to be Married?

Iul. It is an houre that I dreame not of.

Nur. An houre, were not I thine onely Nurse, I would say thou had'st suckt wisdome from thy teat.

Old La. Well thinke of marriage now, yonger then you Heere in *Verona*, Ladies of etierage, Are made already Mothers. By my count I was your Mother, much vpon these yeares That you are now a Maide, thus then in briefe: The valiant *Paris* seekes you for his loue.

Nurse. A man young Lady, Lady, such a man as all the world. Why hee's a man of waxe.

Old La. *Veronas* Summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay hee's a flower, infaith a very flower.

Old La. What say you, can you loue the Gentleman? This night you shall behold him at our Feast,

Read ore the volume of young *Paris* face, And find delight, writ there with Beauties pen: Examine euery feuerall liniment, And see how one another lends content: And what obscur'd in this faire volume lies, Find written in the Margent of his eyes. This precious Booke of Loue, this vnbound Louer, To Beautifie him, onely lacks a Couer. The fish liues in the Sea, and 'tis much pride For faire without, the faire within to hide: That Booke in manies eyes doth share the glorie, That in Gold claspes, Lockes in the Golden storie: So shall you share all that he doth possesse, By hauing him, making your selfe no lesse.

Nurse. No lesse, nay bigger: women grow by men.

Old La. Speake briefly, can you like of *Paris* loue?

Iul. Ile looke to like, if looking liking moue.

But no more deepe will I endart mine eye, 'Then your consent giues strength to make flye.

Enter a Seruing man.

Ser. Madam, the guests are come, supper seru'd vp, you call'd, my young Lady askt for, the Nurse cur't in the Pantery, and euery thing in extremitie: I must hence to wait, I beseech you follow straight. *Exit.*

Mo. We follow thee, *Iuliet*, the Countie staies.

Nurse. Goe Gyrl, seeke happie nights to happy daies. *Exeunt.*

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benuolio, with five or sixe other Maskers, Torch-bearers.

Rom. What shall this speeche be spoke for our excuse? Or shall we on without Apologie?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixitie, Weele haue no *Cupid*, hood winkt with a skarfe, Bearing a Tartars painted Bow of lath, Skaring the Ladies like a Crow-keeper. But let them measure vs by what they will.

Weele measure them a Measure, and be gone.

Rom. Giue me a Torch, I am not for this ambling. Being but heauy I will beare the light.

Mer. Nay gentle *Romeo*, we must haue you dance.

Rom. Not I beleue me, you haue dancing shooes With nimble soles, I haue a soale of Lead So stakes me to the ground, I cannot moue.

Mer. You are a Louer, borrow *Cupids* wings, And soare with them about a common bound.

Rom. I am too fore enpearced with his shaft, To soare with his light feathers, and to bound: I cannot bound a pitch about dull woe, Vnder loues heauy burthen doe I sinke.

Hora. And to sinke in it should you burthen loue, Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Rom. Is loue a tender thing? it is too rough, Too rude, too boyferous, and it prickes like thorne.

Mer. If loue be rough with you, be rough with loue, Pricke loue for pricking, and you beat loue downe, Giue me a Cafe to put my visage in, A Visor for a Visor, what care I

What curious eye doth quote deformities: Here are the Beetle-browes shall bluff for me.

Ben. Come knocke and enter, and no sooner in, But euery man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A Torch for me, let wantons light of heart Tickle the fencelesse rushes with their heeles: For I am prouerb'd with a Grandier Phrase, Ile be a Candle-holder and looke on, The game was nere so faire, and I am done.

Mer. Tut,

Mer. Tut, duns the Moufe, the Conftables owne word,
If thou art dun, weele draw thee from the mire.
Or faue your reuerence loue, wherein thou flickeft
Vp to the eares, come we burne day-light ho.

Rom. Nay that's not fo.

Mer. I meane fir I delay,
We waft our lights in vaine, lights, lights, by day;
Take our good meaning, for our Iudgement fits
Fieue times in that, ere once in our fine wits.

Rom. And we meane well in going to this Maske,
But 'tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why may one aske?

Rom. I dreamt a dreame to night.

Mer. And fo did I.

Rom. Well what was yours?

Mer. That dreamers often lye.

Ro. In bed a fleepe while they do dreame things true.

Mer. O then I fee Queene Mab hath beene with you:
She is the Fairies Midwife, & ſhe comes in ſhape no bigger
then Agat-ftone, on the fore-finger of an Alderman,
drawne with a teeme of little Atomes, ouer mens nofes as
they lie aſleepe: her Waggon Spokes made of long Spinners
legs: the Couer of the wings of Graſhoppers, her
Traces of, the ſmalleſt Spiders web, her coullers of the
Moonſhines watry Beames, her Whip of Crickets bone,
the Laſh of Philome, her Waggoner, a ſmall gray-coated
Gnat, not halfe ſo bigge as a round little Worme, prickt
from the Lazie-finger of a man. Her Chariot is an emptie
Haſelnut, made by the Joyner Squirrel or old Grub, time
out a mind, the Faries Coach-makers: & in this ſtate ſhe
gallops night by night, through Louers braines: and then
they dreame of Loue. On Courtiers knees, that dreame on
Curſies ſtrait: ore Lawyers fingers, who ſtrait dreamt on
Fees, ore Ladies lips, who ſtrait on kiſſes dreame, which
oft the angry Mab with bliſters plagues, becauſe their
breath with Sweet meats tainted are. Sometime ſhe gallops
ore a Courtiers noſe, & then dreames he of ſmelling
out afute: & ſometime comes ſhe with Tith pigs tale, tick-
ling a Parſons noſe as a lies aſleepe, then he dreames of
another Benefice. Sometime ſhe driueth ore a Souldiers
necke, & then dreames he of cutting Forraine throats, of
Breaches, Ambuſcados, Spaniſh Blades: Of Healths five
Fadome deepe, and then anon drums in his eares, at which
he ſtartes and wakes; and being thus frighted, ſweares a
prayer or two & ſleepes againe: this is that very Mab that
plats the manes of Horſes in the night: & bakes the Elk-
locks in foule ſluttiſh haire, which once vntangled, much
miſfortune bodes,
This is the hag, when Maides lie on their backs,
That preſſes them, and learnes them firſt to beare,
Making them women of good carriage:
This is ſhe.

Rom. Peace, peace, *Mercurio* peace,
Thou talk'ſt of nothing.

Mer. True, I talke of dreames:
Which are the children of an idle braine,
Begot of nothing, but vaine phantaſie,
Which is as thin of ſubſtance as the ayre,
And more inconfant then the wind, who wooces
Euen now the frozen boſome of the North:
And being anger'd, puffes away from thence,
Turning his ſide to the dew dropping South.

Ben. This wind you talke of blowes vs from our felues,
Supper is done, and we ſhall come too late.

Rom. I feare too early, for my mind miſgiues,
Some conſequence yet hanging in the ſtarres,

Shall bitterly begin his fearefull date
With this nights reuels, and expire the tearme
Of a deſpised life cloſ'd in my breaſt:
By ſome vile forfeit of vntimely death.

But he that hath the ſtirrage of my courſe,
Direſt my fate: on luſtue Gentlemen.

Ben. Strike Drum.

*They march about the Stage, and Seruingmen come forth
with their napkins.*

Enter Seruant.

Ser. Where's *Potpan*, that he helps not to take away?
He ſhift a Trencher? he ſcrape a Trencher?

1. When good manners, ſhall lie in one or two mens
hands, and they vnwaſht too, 'tis a foule thing.

Ser. Away with the Ioyntooles, remoue the Court-
cubbord, looke to the Plate: good thou, faue mee a piece
of Marchpane, and as thou loueſt me, let the Porter let in
Suſan Grindſtone, and *Nell*, *Antonie* and *Potpan*.

2. I Boy readie.

Ser. You are lookt for, and cal'd for, aſkt for, & fought
for, in the great Chamber.

1. We cannot be here and there too, chearly Boyes,
Be briſk awhile, and the longer liuer take all.

Exeunt.

*Enter all the Gueſts and Gentlewomen to the
Masks.*

1. *Capu.* Welcome Gentlemen,
Ladies that haue their toes

Vnplagu'd with Cornes, will walke about with you:
Ah my Miſtreſſes, which of you all

Will now deny to dance? She that makes dainty,
She Ile ſwear hath Cornes: am I come neare ye now?

Welcome Gentlemen, I haue ſeene the day
That I haue worne a Viſor, and could tell

A whiſpering tale in a faire Ladies eare:
Such as would pleaſe: 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone,

You are welcome Gentlemen, come Muſicians play:

Muſicke plaies: and the dance.

A Hall, Hall, giue roome, and foote it Girles,
More light you knaues, and turne the Tables vp:

And quench the fire, the Roome is growne too hot.
Ah firrah, this vnlookt for ſport comes well:

Nay ſit, nay ſit, good Cozin *Capulet*,
For you and I are paſt our dauncing daies:

How long 'liſt now ſince laſt your ſelfe and I
Were in a Maske?

2. *Capu.* Berlady thirty yeares.

1. *Capu.* What man: 'tis not ſo much, 'tis not ſo much,
'Tis ſince the Nuptiall of *Lucentio*,

Come Pentycroſt as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty yeares, and then we Maskt.

2. *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more, his Sonne is elder fir:
His Sonne is thirty.

3. *Cap.* Will you tell me that?
His Sonne was but a Ward two yeares agoe.

Rom. What Ladie is that which doth inrich the hand
Of yonder Knight?

Ser. I know not fir.

Rom. O ſhe doth teach the Torch to burne bright:
It ſeemes ſhe hangs vpon the cheek of night,

As a rich Iewel in an *Æthiops* eare:
Beauty too rich for vs, for earth too deare:

So ſhewes a Snowy Doue trooping with Crowes,
As yonder Lady ore her fellowes ſhowes;

The meaſure done, Ile watch her place of ſtand,
And touching hers, make bleſſed my rude hand.

Did my heart loue till now, forswear it fight,
For I neuer saw true Beauty till this night.

Tib. This by his voice, should be a *Mountague*.
Fetch me my Rapier Boy, what dares the slauce
Come hither couer'd with an antique face,
To feere and scorne at our Solemnitie?
Now by the stocke and Honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

Cap. Why how now kinsman,
Wherefore storme you so?

Tib. Vncle this is a *Mountague*, our foe:
A Villaine that is hither come in spight,
To scorne at our Solemnitie this night.

Cap. Young *Romeo* is it?

Tib. 'Tis he, that Villaine *Romeo*.

Cap. Content thee gentle *Coz*, let him alone,
A beares him like a portly Gentleman:
And to say truth, *Verona* brags of him,
To be a vertuous and well govern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all the towne,
Here in my house do him disparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will, the which if thou respect,
Shew a faire presence, and put off these frownes,
An ill befeming semblance for a Feast.

Tib. It fits when such a Villaine is a gueft,
Ile not endure him.

Cap. He shall be endu'rd.
What goodman boy, I say he shall, go too,
Am I the Maister here or you? go too,
Youle not endure him, God shall mend my soule,
Youle make a Mutinie among the Guests:
You will set cocke a hoope, youle be the man.

Tib. Why Vncle, 'tis a shame.

Cap. Go too, go too,
You are a fawcy Boy, 'ist so indeed?
This tricke may chance to scath you, I know what,
You must contrary me, marry 'tis time.
Well said my hearts, you are a Princeox, goe,
Be quiet, or more light, more light for shame,
Ile make you quiet. What, chearely my hearts.

Tib. Patience perforce, with wilfull choler meeting,
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting:
I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall
Now seeming sweet, conuert to bitter gall. *Exit.*

Rom. If I prophane with my vnworthiest hand,
This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this,
My lips to blushing Pilgrims did ready stand,
To smooth that rough touch, with a tender kisse.

Iul. Good Pilgrime,
You do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly deuotion shewes in this,
For Saints haue hands, that Pilgrims hands do tuch,
And palme to palme, is holy Palmers kisse.

Rom. Haue not Saints lips, and holy Palmers too?

Iul. I Pilgrim, lips that they must vse in prayer.

Rom. O then deare Saint, let lips do what hands do,
They pray (grant thou) least faith turne to dispaire.

Iul. Saints do not moue,
Though grant for prayers sake.

Rom. Then moue not while my prayers effect I take:
Thus from my lips, by thine my sin is purg'd.

Iul. Then haue my lips the sin that they haue tooke.

Rom. Sin from my lips? O trespasse sweetly vrg'd:
Gie me my sin againe.

Iul. You kisse by'th'booke.

Nur. Madam your Mother craues a word with you.

Rom. What is her Mother?

Nur. Marrie Batcheler,
Her Mother is the Lady of the house,
And a good Lady, and a wise, and Vertuous,
I Nur't her Daughter that you talkt withall:
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her,
Shall haue the chincks.

Rom. Is she a *Capulet*?

O deare account! My life is my foes debt.

Ben. Away, be gone, the sport is at the best.

Rom. I so I feare, the more is my vnrest.

Cap. Nay Gentlemen prepare not to be gone,
We haue a trifling foolish Banquet towards:
Is it e'ne so? why then I thanke you all.

I thanke you honest Gentlemen, good night:
More Torches here: come on, then let's to bed.
Ah firrah, by my faie it waxes late,
Ile to my rest.

Iul. Come hither Nurse,

What is yond Gentleman:

Nur. The Sonne and Heire of old *Tyberio*.

Iul. What's he that now is going out of doore?

Nur. Marrie that I thinke be young *Petruchio*.

Iul. What's he that follows here that would not dance?

Nur. I know not.

Iul. Go aske his name: if he be married,
My graue is like to be my wedded bed.

Nur. His name is *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*,
The onely Sonne of your great Enemie.

Iul. My onely Loue sprung from my onely hate,
Too early seene, vnknowne, and knowne too late,
Prodigious birth of Loue it is to me,
That I must loue a loathed Enemie.

Nur. What's this? whats this?

Iul. A rime, I learne enow now
Of one I dan't withall.

One calls within, Iuliet.

Nur. Anon, anon:

Come let's away, the strangers all are gone.

Exeunt.

Chorus.

Now old desire doth in his death bed lie,
And yong affection gapes to be his Heire,
That faire, for which Loue gron'd for and would die,
With tender *Iuliet* matcht, is now not faire.
Now *Romeo* is beloued, and Loues againe,
A like bewitched by the charme of lookes:
But to his foe suppos'd he must complaine,
And she steale Loues sweet bait from fearefull hookes:
Being held a foe, he may not haue access
To breath such vowes as Louers vse to sweare,
And she as much in Loue, her meanes much leffe,
To meete her new Beloued any where:
But passion lends them Power, time, meanes to meete,
Temp'ring extremities with extreame sweete.

Enter Romeo alone.

Rom. Can I goe forward when my heart is here?
Turne backe dull earth, and find thy Center out.

Enter Benuolio, with Mercutio.

Ben. *Romeo*, my *Cozen Romeo*, *Romeo*.

Merc. He is wife,

And on my life hath stolne him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way and leapt this Orchard wall.

Call good *Mercutio*:

Nay, Ile coniure too.

Mer.

Mer. Romeo, Humours, Madman, Passion, Louer,
 Appeare thou in the likenesse of a sigh,
 Speake but one rime, and I am satisfisd:
 Cry me but ay me, Prouant, but Loue and day,
 Speake to my goship *Venus* one faire word,
 One Nickname for her purblind Sonne and her,
 Young *Abraham Cupid* be that shot so true,
 When King *Cophetua* lou'd the begger Maid,
 He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moueth not,
 The Ape is dead, I must coniure him,
 I coniure thee by *Rosalines* bright eyes,
 By her High forehead, and her Scarlet lip,
 By her Fine foote, Straight leg, and Quiuering thigh,
 And the Demeanes, that there Adiacent lie,
 That in thy likenesse thou appeare to vs.

Ben. And if he heare thee thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him, t'would anger him
 To raise a spirit in his Mistresse circle,
 Of some strange nature, letting it stand
 Till she had laid it, and coniured it downe,
 That were some spight.
 My inuocation is faire and honest, & in his Mistris name,
 I coniure onely but to raise vp him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himselfe among these Trees
 To be comforted with the Humerous night:
 Blind is his Loue, and best befits the darke.

Mer. If Loue be blind, Loue cannot hit the marke,
 Now will he sit vnder a Medler tree,
 And with his Mistresse were that kind of Fruite,
 As Maides call Medlers when they laugh alone,
 O *Romeo* that the were, O that the were
 An open, or thou a Poprin Pear,
Romeo goodnight, Ile to my Truckle bed,
 This Field-bed is to cold for me to sleepe,
 Come shall we go?

Ben. Go then, for 'tis in vaine to seeke him here
 That means not to be found.

Exeunt.

Rom. He heafts at Scarres that neuer felt a wound,
 But soft, what light through yonder window breaks?
 It is the East, and *Iuliet* is the Sunne,
 Arise faire Sun and kill the enuious Moone,
 Who is already sicke and pale with griefe,
 That thou her Maid art far more faire then she:
 Be not her Maid since she is enuious,
 Her Vestall liuery is but sicke and Greene,
 And none but fooles do weare it, cast it off:
 It is my Lady, O it is my Loue, O that she knew she were,
 She speaks, yet the sayes nothing, what of that?
 Her eye discourfes, I will answere it:
 I am too bold 'tis not to me she speaks:
 Two of the fairest starrs in all the Heauen,
 Hauing some businesse do entreat her eyes,
 To twinkle in their Spheres till they returne.
 What if her eyes were there, they in her head,
 The brightnesse of her cheekes would shame those starrs,
 As day-light doth a Lampe, her eye in heauen,
 Would through the ayrie Region streame so bright,
 That Birds would sing, and thinke it were not night:
 See how the leanes her cheekes vpon her hand.
 O that I were a Glove vpon that hand,
 That I might touch that cheekes.

Iul. Ay me.

Rom. She speaks.

Oh speake againe bright Angell, for thou art
 As glorious to this night being ore my head,
 As is a winged messenger of heauen!

Vnto the white vpturned wondring eyes
 Of mortalls that fall backe to gaze on him,
 When he befriends the lazie puffing Cloudes,
 And failes vpon the bosome of the ayre.

Iul. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, wherefore art thou *Romeo*?
 Denie thy Father and refuse thy name:
 Or if thou wilt not, be but sworne my Loue,
 And Ile no longer be a *Capulet*.

Rom. Shall I heare more, or shall I speake at this?

Iu. 'Tis but thy name that is my Enemy:
 Thou art thy selfe, though not a *Mountague*,
 What's *Mountague*? it is nor hand nor foote,
 Nor arme, nor face, O be some other name
 Belonging to a man.

What? in a names that which we call a Rose,
 By any other word would smell as sweete,
 So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* call'd,
 Retaine that deare perfection which he owes,
 Without that title *Romeo*, doffe thy name,
 And for thy name which is no part of thee,
 Take all my selfe.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
 Call me but Loue, and Ile be new baptiz'd,
 Hence forth I neuer will be *Romeo*.

Iuli. What man art thou, that thus bescreen'd in night
 So stumblest on my counsell?

Rom. By a name,
 I know not how to tell thee who I am:
 My name deare Saint, is hateful to my selfe,
 Because it is an Enemy to thee,
 Had I it written, I would teare the word.

Iuli. My eares haue yet not drunke a hundred words
 Of thy tongues vttering, yet I know the found.

Art thou not *Romeo*, and a *Montague*?

Rom. Neither faire Maid, if either thee dislike.

Iul. How cam'st thou hither.

Tell me, and wherefore?
 The Orchard walls are high, and hard to climbe,
 And the place death, considering who thou art,
 If any of my kinsmen find thee here,

Rom. With Loues light wings
 Did I ore-perch these Walls,
 For stony limits cannot hold Loue out,
 And what Loue can do, that dares Loue attempt:
 Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

Iul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alacke there lies more perill in thine eye,
 Then twenty of their Swords, looke thou but sweete,
 And I am prooffe against their enemy.

Iul. I would not for the world they saw thee here.

Rom. I haue nights cloake to hide me from their eyes
 And but thou loue me, let them finde me here,
 My life were better ended by their hate,
 Then death proroged wanting of thy Loue.

Iul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

Rom. By Loue that first did prompt me to enquire,
 He lent me counsell, and I lent him eyes,
 I am no Pylot, yet wert thou as far
 As that vast-shore-washt with the farthest Sea,
 I should aduerture for such Merchandise.

Iul. Thou knowest the maske of night is on my face,
 Else would a Maiden blush bepaint my cheekes,
 For that which thou hast heard me speake to night,
 Faire would I dwell on forme, faire, faire, denie
 What I haue spoke, but farewell Complement,
 Doe'st thou Loue? I know thou wilt say I,

And

And I will take thy word, yet if thou swear'st,
Thou maiest proue false: at Louers perjuries
They say *Loue* laught, oh gentle *Romeo*,
If thou dost *Loue*, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou thinkest I am too quickly wonne,
Ile frowne and be peruerse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt wooe: But else not for the world.
In truth faire *Mountague* I am too fond:
And therefore thou maiest thinke my behauiour light,
But trust me Gentleman, Ile proue more true,
Then those that haue coyng to be strange,
I should haue beene more strange, I must confesse,
But that thou ouer heard'st ere I was ware
My true *Loues* passion, therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yeelding to light *Loue*,
Which the darke night hath so difcouered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder Moone I vow,
That tips with siluer all these Fruite tree tops.
Iul. O sweare not by the Moone, th'inconstant Moone,
That monthly changes in her circled Orbe,
Least that thy *Loue* proue likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I sweare by?
Iul. Do not sweare at all:
Or if thou wilt sweare by thy gracious selfe,
Which is the God of my Idolatry,
And Ile beleeeue thee.

Rom. If my hearts deare loue.
Iuli. Well do not sweare, although I ioy in thee:
I haue no ioy of this contract to night,
It is too rash, too vnaduis'd, too sudden,
Too like the lightning which doth cease to be
Ere, one can say, it lightens, Sweete good night:
This bud of *Loue* by Summers ripening breath,
May proue a beautilous Flower when next we meete:
Goodnight, goodnight, as sweete repose and rest,
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast.

Rom. O wilt thou leaue me so vnatisfied?
Iuli. What satisfaction can'st thou haue to night?
Ro. Th'exchange of thy *Loues* faithfull vow for mine.
Iul. I gaue thee mine before thou did'st request it:
And yet I would it were to giue againe.

Rom. Would'st thou withdrawit,
For what purpose *Loue*?
Iul. But to be franke and giue it thee againe,
And yet I wish but for the thing I haue,
My bounty is as boundlesse as the Sea,
My *Loue* as deepe, the more I giue to thee
The more I haue, for both are Infinite:
I heare some noyse within deare *Loue* adue:

Cals within.

Anon good Nurse, sweet *Mountague* be true:
Stay but a little, I will come againe.

Rom. O blessed blessed night, I am afraid
Being in night, all this is but a dreame,
Too flattering sweet to be substantiall.

Iul. Three words deare *Romeo*,
And goodnight indeed,
If that thy bent of *Loue* be Honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to morrow,
By one that Ile procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt performe the right,
And all my Fortunes at thy foote Ile lay,
And follow thee my Lord throughout the world.

Within: Madam.

I come, anon: but if thou meanest not well,
I do beseech thee

Within: Madam.

(By and by I come)
To cease thy strife, and leaue me to my griefe,
To morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrise my soule.

Iu. A thousand times goodnight.

Exit.

Rome. A thousand times the worse to want thy light,
Loue goes toward *Loue* as school-boys from thier books
But *Loue* from *Loue*, towards schoole with heauie looks.

Enter Juliet againe.

Iul. Hift *Romeo* hift: O for a Falkners voice,
To lure this Tassell gentle backe againe,
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speake aloud,
Else would I teare the Caue where *Eccho* lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse, then
With repetition of my *Romeo*.

Rom. It is my soule that calls vpon my name.
How siluer sweet, found Louers tongues by night,
Like softest Musicke to attending eares.

Iul. Romeo.

Rom. My Neece.

Iul. What a clock to morrow
Shall I send to thee?

Rom. By the houre of nine.

Iul. I will not faile, 'tis twenty yeares till then,
I haue forgot why I did call thee backe.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Iul. I shall forget, to haue thee still stand there,
Remembering how I *Loue* thy company.

Rom. And Ile still stay, to haue thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Iul. 'Tis almost morning, I would haue thee gone,
And yet no further then a wantons Bird,
That let's it hop a little from his hand,
Like a poore prisoner in his twisted Gyues,
And with a silken thred plucks it backe againe,
So louing Iealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would I were thy Bird.

Iul. Sweet so would I,
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing:
Good night, good night.

Rom. Parting is such sweete sorrow,
That I shall say goodnight, till it be morrow.

Iul. Sleepe dwell vpon thine eyes, peace in thy breast.

Rom. Would I were sleepe and peace so sweet to rest,
The gray ey'd morne smiles on the frowning night,
Checking the Easterne Clouds with streakes of light,
And darknesse fleckel'd like a drunkard reeles,
From forth dayes pathway, made by *Titans* wheeles.
Hence will I to my ghostly Fries close Cell,
His helpe to craue, and my deare hap to tell.

Exit.

Enter Friar alone with a basket.

Fri. The gray ey'd morne smiles on the frowning night,
Checking the Easterne Cloudes with streakes of light:
And fleckled darknesse like a drunkard reeles,
From forth daies path, and *Titans* burning wheeles:
Now ere the Sun aduance his burning eye,
The day to cheere, and nights danke dew to dry,
I must vpfill this *Osier* Cage of ours,
With balefull weedes, and precious luiced flowers,
The earth that's Natures mother, is her Tombe,
What is her burying graue that is her wombe:
And from her wombe children of diuers kind

We

We sucking on her naturall bosome find :
 Many for many vertues excellent :
 None but for some, and yet all different.
 Omickle is the powerfull grace that lies
 In Plants, Hearbs, stones, and their true qualities :
 For nought so vile, that on the earth doth live,
 But to the earth some specciall good doth giue :
 Nor ought so good, but strain'd from that faire vse,
 Reuolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.
 Vertue it selfe turnes vice being misapplied,
 And vice sometime by action dignified.

Enter Romeo.

Within the infant rin'd of this weake flower,
 Poyson hath residence, and medicine power :
 For this being smelt, with that part cheares each part,
 Being tasted slayes all senses with the heart.
 Two such opposed Kings encampe them still,
 In man as well as Hearbes, grace and rude will :
 And where the worser is predominant,
 Full soone the Canker death eates vp that Plant.

Rom. Good morrow Father.

Fri. Benedicite.

What early tongue so sweet saluted me ?
 Young Sonne, it argues a distempered head,
 So soone to bid goodmorrow to thy bed ;
 Care keeps his watch in euery old mans eye,
 And where Care lodges, sleepe will neuer lye :
 But where vnbrused youth with vnstuffed braine
 Doth couch his lims, there, golden sleepe doth raigne ;
 Therefore thy earlinesse doth me assure,
 Thou art vprousd with some distemperature ;
 Or if not so, then here I hit it right.
 Our *Romeo* hath not bene in bed to night.

Rom. That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.

Fri. God pardon sin: waft thou with *Rosaline* ?

Rom. With *Rosaline*, my ghostly Father ? No,

I haue forgot that name, and that names woe.

Fri. That's my good Son, but wher hast thou bin then ?

Rom. Ile tell thee ere thou aske it me agen :

I haue bene feasting with mine enemy,
 Where on a sudden one hath wounded me,
 That's by me wounded: both our remedies
 Within thy helpe and holy phisicke lies :
 I beare no hatred, blessed man: for loe
 My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. Be plain good Son, rest homely in thy drift,
 Ridling confession, findes but ridling shrift.

Rom. Then plainly know my hearts deare Loue is set,
 On the faire daughter of rich *Capulet* :
 As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;
 And all combin'd, saue what thou must combine
 By holy marriage: when and where, and how,
 We met, we wooed, and made exchange of vow :
 Ile tell thee as we parte, but this I pray,
 That thou consent to marrie vs to day.

Fri. Holy S. *Francis*, what a change is heere ?

Is *Rosaline* that thou didst Loue so deare

So soone forsaken ? young mens Loue then lies
 Not truely in their hearts, but in their eyes.

Iesu *Maria*, what a deale of brine

Hath waft thy fallow cheekes for *Rosaline* ?

How much salt water throwne away in waft,

To season Loue that of it doth not tast.

The Sun not yet thy fighes, from heauen cleares,

Thy old grones yet ringing in my auncent eares :

Lo here vpon thy cheek the staine doth sit,

Of an old teare that is not waft off yet.

If ere thou waft thy selfe, and these woes thine,

Thou and these woes, were all for *Rosaline*.

And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence then,

Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

Rom. Thou chid'st me oft for louing *Rosaline*.

Fri. For doing, not for louing pupill mine.

Rom. And bad'st me bury Loue.

Fri. Not in a graue,

To lay one in, another out to haue.

Rom. I pray thee chide me not, her I Loue now

Doth grace for grace, and Loue for Loue allow :

The other did not so.

Fri. O she knew well,

Thy Loue did read by rote, that could not spell :

But come young wauerer, come goe with me,

In one respect, Ile thy assistant be :

For this alliance may so happy prove,

To turne your household rancor to pure Loue.

Rom. O let vs hence, I stand on fudden haft.

Fri. Wisely and slow, they stumble that run fast.

Exeunt

Enter Benuolio and Mercutio.

Mer. Where the deu le should this *Romeo* be ? came he
 not home to night ?

Ben. Not to his Fathers, I spoke with his man.

Mer. Why that same pale hard-barted wench, that *Ro-*
saline torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. *Tibalt*, the kinsman to old *Capulet*, hath sent a Let-
 ter to his Fathers house.

Mer. A challenge on my life.

Ben. *Romeo* will answere it.

Mer. Any man that can write, may answere a Letter.

Ben. Nay, he will answere the Letters Maister how he
 dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas poore *Romeo*, he is already dead stab'd with
 a white wenches blacke eye, runne through the eare with
 a Loue song, the very pinne of his heart, cleft with the
 blind Bowe-boyes but-shaft, and is he a man to encounter
Tybat ?

Ben. Why what is *Tibalt* ?

Mer. More then Prince of Cats. Oh hee's the Couragi-
 ous Captaine of Complements : he fights as you sing
 prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion, he rests
 his minum, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the ve-
 ry butcher of a filk burton, a Dualist, a Dualist: a Gentleman
 of the very first house of the first and second cause: ah the
 immortal Passado, the Punto reuerso, the Hay.

Ben. The what ?

Mer. The Pox of such antique lipping affecting phan-
 tacies, these new tuners of accent : Iesu a very good blade,
 a very tall man, a very good whore. Why is not this a la-
 mentable thing Grandfire, that we should be thus afflicted
 with these strange flies : these fashion Mongers, these par-
 don-mee's, who stand so much on the new form, that they
 cannot sit at ease on the old bench. O their bones, their
 bones.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes *Romeo*, here comes *Romeo*.

Mer. Without his Roe, like a dried Hering. O flesh,
 flesh, how art thou fished ? Now is he for the numbers
 that *Petrarch* flow'd in : *Laura* to his Lady, was a kitchen
 wench, marrie he had a better Loue to berime her : *Dido*
 a dowdie, *Cleopatra* a Gipsie, *Hellen* and *Hero*, hildings
 and Harlots: *Tisbie* a gray eie or so, but not to the purpose.
 Signior *Romeo*, *Bon iour*, there's a French salutation to your

French flop : you gaue vs the the counterfait fairely last night.

Romeo. Good morrow to you both, what counterfeit did I giue you ?

Mer. The slip fir, the slip, can you not conceiue ?

Rom. Pardon Mercutio, my businesse was great, and in such a case as mine, a man may straine curtesie.

Mer. That's as much as to say, such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning to cursie.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pinck of curtesie.

Rom. Pinke for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why then is my Pump well flow'r'd.

Mer. Sure wit, follow me this least, now till thou haft worn out thy Pump, that when the single sole of it is worn, the least may remaine after the wearing, sole-fingular.

Rom. O single sol'd least, Soly singular for the singleness.

Mer. Come betweene vs good *Benuolio*, my wits faints.

Rom. Swits and spurs, Swits and spurs, or Ile crie a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the Wild-Goose chase, I am done : For thou hast more of the Wild-Goose in one of thy wits, then I am sure I haue in my whole sive. Was I with you there for the Goose ?

Rom. Thou wast neuer with mee for any thing, when thou wast not there for the Goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the eare for that iest.

Rom. Nay, good Goose bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very Bitter-sweeting, It is a most sharpe sawce.

Rom. And is it not well seru'd into a Sweet-Goose ?

Mer. Oh here's a wit of Cheuerell, that stretches from an ynch narrow, to an ell broad.

Rom. I stretch it out for that word, broad, which added to the Goose, proues thee farre and wide, abroad Goose.

Mer. Why is not this better now, then going for Loue, now art thou sociable, now art thou *Romeo*: now art thou what thou art, by Art as well as by Nature, for this driueling Loue is like a great Naturall, that runs lolling vp and downe to hid his bable in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desir'st me to stop in my tale against the

Ben. Thou would'st else haue made thy tale large. (haire.

Mer. O thou art deceiud, I would haue made it short, or I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant indeed to occupie the argument no longer.

Enter Nurse and ber man.

Rom. Here's goodly geare.

A sayle, a sayle.

Mer. Two, two: a Shirt and a Smocke.

Nur. Peter ?

Peter. Anon.

Nur. My Fan Peter ?

Mer. Good Peter to hide her face ?

For her Fans the fairer face ?

Nur. God ye good morrow Gentlemen.

Mer. God ye gooden faire Gentlewoman.

Nur. Is it gooden ?

Mer. 'Tis no lesse I tell you : for the bawdy hand of the Dyall is now vpon the pricke of Noone.

Nur. Out vpon you: what a man are you ?

Rom. One Gentlewoman,

That God hath made, himselfe to mar.

Nur. By my troth it is said, for himselfe to, mar quath: Gentlemen, can any of you tel me where I may find the young *Romeo* ?

Romeo. I can tell you: but young *Romeo* will be older when you haue found him, then he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nur. You say well.

Mer. Yea is the worst well,

Very well tooke: I faith, wisely, wisely.

Nur. If you be he sir,

I desire some confidence with you ?

Ben. She will endite him to some Supper.

Mer. A baud, a baud, a baud. So ho.

Rom. What hast thou found ?

Mer. No Hare sir, vnlesse a Hare sir in a Lenten pie, that is something stale and hoare ere it be spent.

An old Hare hoare, and an old Hare hoare is very good meat in Lent.

But a Hare that is hoare is too much for a score, when it hoares ere it be spent,

Romeo will you come to your Fathers? Weele to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell auncient Lady :

Farewell Lady, Lady, Lady.

Exit. *Mercutio, Benuolio.*

Nur. I pray you sir, what sawcie Merchant was this that was so full of his roperie ?

Rom. A Gentleman Nurse, that loues to heare himselfe talke, and will speake more in a minute, then he will stand to in a Moneth.

Nur. And a speake any thing against me, Ile take him downe, & a were lustier then he is, and twentie such Iacks: and if I cannot, Ile finde those that shall : scuruie knaue, I am none of his flurt-gils, I am none of his skaines mates, and thou must stand by too and suffer euery knaue to vse me at his pleasure.

Pet. I saw no man vse you at his pleasure : if I had, my weapon should quickly haue bene out, I warrant you, I dare draw asoone as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrell, and the law on my side.

Nur. Now afore God, I am so vext, that euery part about me quiuers, skurry knaue : pray you sir a word : as if I told you, my young Lady bid me enquire you out, what she bid me say, I will keepe to my selfe : but first let me tell ye, if ye should leade her in a fooles paradise, as they say, it were a very grosse kind of behauiour, as they say : for the Gentlewoman is yong : & therefore, if you should deale double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any Gentlewoman, and very weake dealing.

Nur. Nurse commend me to thy Lady and Mistresse, I protest vnto thee.

Nur. Good heart, and yfaith I will tell her as much : Lord, Lord she will be a ioyfull woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her Nurse? thou doest not marke me ?

Nur. I will tell her sir, that you do protest, which as I take it, is a Gentleman-like offer. (afternoone,

Rom. Bid her deuisse some meanes to come to thrift this And there she shall at Frier Lawrence Cell Beshriu'd and married : here is for thy paines.

Nur. No truly sir not a penny.

Rom. Go too, I say you shall.

Nur. This afternoone fir? well she shall be there.

Rg. And stay thou good Nurse behind the Abbey wall,
Within this houre my man shall be with thee,
And bring thee Cords made like a tackled faire,
Which to the high top gallant of my ioy,
Must be my conuoy in the secret night.

Farewell, be trustie and Ile quite thy paines :

Farewell, commend me to thy Mistresse.

Nur. Now God in heauen bless thee:harke you fir,

Rom. What saist thou my deare Nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret, did you nere heare say two
may keepe counsell putting one away.

Ro. Warrant thee my man as true as Steele.

Nur. Well fir, my Mistresse is t he sweetest Lady, Lord,
Lord, when 'twas a little prating thing. O there is a Noble
man in Towne one *Paris*, that would faine lay knife a-
board : but the good soule had as leuee a fee Toade, a very
Toade as fee him : I anger her sometimes, and tell her that
Paris is the properer man, but Ile warrant you, when I say so,
shee lookes as pale as any clout in the versfall world.
Doth not *Rosemarie* and *Romeo* begin both with a letter?

Rom. I Nurse, what of that? Both with an R

Nur. A mocker that's the dogsname. *R.* is for the no,
I know it begins with some other letter, and she hath the
prettiest sententious of it, of you and *Rosemary*, that it
would do you good to heare it.

Rom. Commend me to thy Lady.

Nur. I a thousand times. *Peter?*

Pet. Anon.

Nur. Before and apace. *Exit Nurse and Peter.*

Enter Juliet.

Jul. The clocke strook nine, when I did send the Nurse,
In halfe an houre the promised to returne,
Perchance she cannot meete him:that's not so:
Oh she is lame, Loues Herald should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glides then the Sunnes beames,
Driving backe shadowes ouer lowering hills.
Therefore do nimble Pinion'd Doues draw Loue,
And therefore hath the wind-swift *Cupid* wings:
Now is the Sun vpon the highmoost hill
Of this daies iourney, and from nine till twelue,
I three long houres, yet she is not come.
Had she the affections and warme youthfull blood,
She would be as swift in motion as a ball,
My words would bandy her to my sweete Loue,
And his to me, but old folkes,
Many faine as they were dead,
Vnwieldie, slow, heauy, and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse.

O God she comes, O hony Nurse what newes?

Haft thou met with him?send thy man away.

Nur. *Peter* stay at the gate.

Jul. Now good sweet Nurse:

O Lord, why lookest thou sad?

Though newes, be sad, yet tell them merrily.

If good thou sham'st the musicke of sweet newes,

By playing it to me, with so sower a face.

Nur. I am a weary, giue me leaue awhile,

Fie how my bones ake, what a iaunt haue I had?

Jul. I would thou had'st my bones, and I thy newes:

Nay come I pray thee speake, good good Nurse speake.

Nur. Iesu what hast? can you not stay a while?

Do you not see that I am out of breath?

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breth

To say to me, that thou art out of breath?

The excuse that thou dost make in this delay,

Is longer then the tale thou dost excuse.

Is thy newes good or bad?answere to that,

Say either, and Ile stay the circumstance:

Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?

Nur. Well, you haue made a simple choice, you know
not how to chuse a man: *Romeo*, no not he though his face
be better then any mans, yet his legs excels all mens, and
for a hand, and a foote, and a body, though they be not to
be talkt on, yet they are past compare: he is not the flower
of curtesie, but Ile warrant him as gentle a Lambe: go thy
waies wench, serue God, What haue you din'd at home?

Jul. No no:but all this this did I know before

What saies he of our marriage? what of that?

Nur. Lord how my head akes, what a head haue I?

It beates as it would fall in twenty peeces.

My backe a tother side: o my backe, my backe:

Befrew your heart for sending me about

To catch my death with iaunting vp and downe.

Jul. Ifaith: I am sorrie that that thou art so well.

Sweet sweet, sweet Nurse, tell me what saies my Loue?

Nur. Your Loue saies like an honest Gentleman,

And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,

And I warrant a vertuous: where is your Mother?

Jul. Where is my Mother?

Why she is within, where should she be?

How odly thou repli'st:

Your Loue saies like an honest Gentleman:

Where is your Mother?

Nur. O Gods Lady deare,

Are you so hot?marrie come vp I trow,

Is this the Poulitis for my aking bones?

Henceforward do your messages your selfe.

Jul. Heere's such a coile, come what saies *Romeo*?

Nur. Haue you got leaue to go to shrift to day?

Jul. I haue.

Nur. Then high you hence to Frier *Lawrence* Cell,

There stais a Husband to make you a wife:

Now comes the wanton bloud vp in your cheekes,

Thei'le be in Scarlet straight at any newes:

Hie you to Church, I must an other way,

To fetch a Ladder by the which your Loue

Must climde a birds nest Soone when it is darke:

I am the drudge, and toile in your delight:

But you shall beare the burthen soone at night.

Go Ile to dinner, hie you to the Cell.

Jul. Hie to high Fortune, honest Nurse, farewell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Frier and Romeo.

Fri. So smile the heauens vpon this holy act,

That after houres, with sorrow chide vs not.

Rom. Amen, amen, but come what sorrow can,

It cannot counteruaile the exchange of ioy

That one short minute giues me in her sight:

Do thou but close our hands with holy words,

Then Loue-deuouring death do what he dare,

It is enough, I may but call her mine.

Fri. These violent delights haue violent endes,

And in their triumph'die like fire and powder;

Which as they kisse consume. The sweetest honey

Is loathsome in his owne delicioufnesse,

And in the taste confoundes the appetite.

Therefore Loue moderately, long Loue doth so,

Too swift arriues as tardie as too slow.

Enter Juliet.

Here comes the Lady. Oh so light a foot

Will nere wear out the euerlasting flint,

A Louer may bestride the Goffamours,
That ydles in the wanton Summer ayre,
And yet not fall, so light is vanitie.

Iul. Good euen to my ghostly Confessor.

Fri. Romeo shall thanke thee Daughter for vs both.

Iul. As much to him, else in his thanks too much.

Fri. Ah *Juliet*, if the meafure of thy ioy
Be heapt like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blafon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour ayre, and let rich musickes tongue,
Vnfold the imagin'd happineffe that both
Receiue in either, by this deere encounter.

Iul. Conceit more rich in matter then in words,
Braggs of his fubftance, not of Ornament:
They are but beggers that can count their worth,
But my true Loue is growne to fuch fuch exceffe,
I cannot fum vp fome of halfe my wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me, & we will make fhort worke,
For by your leaues, you shall not stay alone,
Till holy Church incorporate two in one.

Enter Mercutio, Benuolio, and men.

Ben. I pray thee good *Mercutio* lets retire,
The day is hot, the *Capulets* abroad:
And if we meet, we fhall not fcape a brawle, for now thefe
hot dayes, is the mad blood ftirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of thefe fellows, that when he
enters the confines of a *Tauerne*, claps me his *Sword* vpon
the *Table*, and fays, God fend me no need of thee: and by
the operation of the fecond cup, draws him on the *Draw-*
er, when indeed there is no need.

Ben. Am I like fuch a Fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a *Iacke* in thy mood,
as any in *Italie*: and affooner moued to be moodie, and affooner
moodie to be mou'd.

Ben. And what too?

Mer. Nay, and there were two fuch, we fhould haue
none fhortly, for one would kill the other: thou, why thou
wilt quarrell with a man that hath a haire more, or a haire
leffe in his beard, then thou haft: thou wilt quarrell with a
man for cracking *Nuts*, hauing no other reafon, but be-
caufe thou haft hafell eyes: what eye, but fuch an eye,
would fpie out fuch a quarrell? thy head is as full of quar-
rels, as an egge is full of meat, and yet thy head hath bin
beaten as addle as an egge for quarreling: thou haft quar-
rel'd with a man for coffing in the freet, becaufe he hath
wakened thy *Dog* that hath laine afleepe in the *Sun*. Did't
thou not fall out with a *Tailor* for wearing his new *Doublet*
before *Eafter*? with another, for tying his new fhooes
with old *Riband*, and yet thou wilt Tutor me from quar-
relling?

Ben. And I were fo apt to quarell as thou art, any man
fhould buy the *Fee-fimple* of my life, for an houre and a
quarter.

Mer. The *Fee-fimple*? O fimple.

Enter Tybalt, Petruchio, and others.

Ben. By my head here comes the *Capulets*.

Mer. By my heele I care not.

Tyb. Follow me clofe, for I will fpeake to them.
Gentlemen, Good den, a word with one of vs.

Mer. And but one word with one of vs? couple it with
fomething, make it a word and a blow.

Tib. You shall find me apt enough to that fir, and you
will giue me occafion.

Mercu. Could you not take fome occafion without
giuing?

Tib. *Mercutio* thou comfort'ft with *Romeo*.

Mer. Consort? what doft thou make vs *Minftrels*? &
thou make *Minftrels* of vs, looke to heare nothing but dif-
cords: here's my *fiddlestick*, here's that shall make you
daunce. Come consort.

Ben. We talke here in the publike haunt of men:
Either withdraw vnto fome priuate place,
Or reafon coldly of your greuances:
Or else depart, here all eies gaze on vs.

Mer. Mens eyes were made to looke, and let them gaze.
I will not budge for no mans pleafure I.

Enter Romeo.

Tib. Well peace be with you fir, here comes my man.

Mer. But Ile be hang'd fir if he weare your *Liuary*:
Marry go before to field, heele be your follower,
Your worfhip in that fenfe, may call him man.

Tib. *Romeo*, the loue I beare thee, can afford

No better terme then this: Thou art a *Villaine*.

Rom. *Tibalt*, the reafon that I haue to loue thee,
Doth much excufe the appertaining rage
To fuch a greeting: *Villaine* am I none;
Therefore farewell, I fee thou know'ft me not.

Tib. Boy, this shall not excufe the iniuries
That thou haft done me, therefore turne and draw.

Rom. I do proteft I neuer iniur'd thee,
But lou'd thee better then thou can't deuife:
Till thou shalt know the reafon of my loue,
And fo good *Capulet*, which name I tender
As dearly as my owne, be fatisfied.

Mer. O calme, difhonourable, vile fubmiffion:
Alla ftucato carries it away.

Tybalt, you *Rat-catcher*, will you walke?

Tib. What woulds thou haue with me?

Mer. Good *King of Cats*, nothing but one of your nine
liues, that I meane to make bold withall, and as you shall
vfe me hereafter dry beate the reft of the eight. Will you
pluck your *Sword* out of his *Pilcher* by the eares? Make
haft, leaft mine be about your eares ere it be out.

Tib. I am for you.

Rom. Gentle *Mercutio*, put thy *Rapier* vp.

Mer. Come fir, your *Paffado*.

Rom. Draw *Benuolio*, beat downe their weapons:
Gentlemen, for fhame forbear this outrage,

Tibalt, *Mercutio*, the *Prince* exprefly hath
Forbidden bandying in *Verona* ftreetes.

Hold *Tybalt*, good *Mercutio*.

Exit Tybalt.

Mer. I am hurt.

A plague a both the *Houfes*, I am fped:
Is he gone and hath nothing?

Ben. What art thou hurt?

Mer. I, I, a scratch, a scratch, marry 'tis inough,
Where is my Page? go *Villaine* fetch a *Surgeon*.

Rom. Courage man, the hurt cannot be fuch.

Mer. No: 'tis not fo deepe as a well, nor fo wide as a
Church doore, but 'tis inough, 'twill ferue: afke for me to
morrow, and you shall find me a graue man. I am pepper'd
I warrant, for this world: a plague a both your houfes.
What, a *Dog*, a *Rat*, a *Moufe*, a *Cat* to scratch a man to
death: a *Braggart*, a *Rogue*, a *Villaine*, that fights by the
booke of *Arithmetick*, why the deu'll came you be-
tweene vs? I was hurt vnder your arme.

Rom. I thought all for the beft.

Mer. Helpe me into fome houfe *Benuolio*,
Or I shall faint: a plague a both your houfes.
They haue made worme's meat of me,

I haue it, and foundly to your Houfes.

Exit.

Rom. This Gentleman the Princes neere Alie,
My very Friend hath got his mortall hurt
In my behalfe, my reputation stain'd
With *Tibalts* slaunder, *Tybal*t that an houre
Hath bene my Cozin: O Sweet *Iuliet*,
Thy Beauty hath made me Effeminate,
And in my temper softned Valours steele.

Enter Benuolio.

Ben. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, braue *Mercutio's* is dead,
That Gallant spirit hath aspir'd the Cloudes,
Which too vntimely here did scorne the earth.

Rom. This daies blacke Fate, on mo daies doth depend,
This but begins, the wo others must end.

Enter Tybalt.

Ben. Here comes the Furious *Tybalt* backe againe.

Rom. He gon in triumph, and *Mercutio* slaine?

Away to heauen respectiue Lenitie,
And fire and Fury, be my conduct now.
Now *Tybalt* take the Villaine backe againe
That late thou gau'ft me, for *Mercutio's* foole
Is but a litle way about our heads,
Staying for thine to keepe him companie:
Either thou or I, or both, must goe with him.

Tib. Thou wretched Boy that didst comfort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that.

They fight. Tybalt falls.

Ben. *Romeo*, away be gone:
The Citizens are vp, and *Tybalt* slaine,
Stand not amaz'd, the Prince will Doome thee death
If thou art taken: hence, be gone, away.

Rom. O! I am Fortunes foole.

Ben. Why dost thou stay?

Exit Romeo.

Enter Citizens.

Citi. Which way ran he that kild *Mercutio*?
Tibalt that Murtherer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that *Tybalt*.

Citi. Vp sir go with me:

I charge thee in the Princes names obey.

*Enter Prince, old Montague, Capulet, their
Wiues and all.*

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this Fray?

Ben. O Noble Prince, I can discouer all
The vnluckie Mannage of this fatal brall:
There lies the man slaine by young *Romeo*,
That slew thy kinsman braue *Mercutio*.

Cap. Wi. *Tybalt*, my Cozin? O my Brothers Child,
O Prince, O Cozin, Husband, O the blood is spild
Of my deare kinsman, Prince as thou art true,
For blood of ours, shed blood of *Mountague*.
O Cozin, Cozin.

Prin. *Benuolio*, who began this Fray?

Ben. *Tybalt* here slaine, whom *Romeo's* hand did slay,
Romeo that spoke him faire, bid him bethinke
How nice the Quarrell was, and vrg'd withall
Your high displeasure: all this vttered,
With gentle breath, calme looke, knees humbly bow'd
Could not take truce with the vnruy spleene
Of *Tybalts* deafe to peace, but that he Tilts
With Peirring steele at bold *Mercutio's* breast,
Who all as hot, turnes deadly point to point,
And with a Martiall scorne, with one hand beates
Cold death aside, and with the other fends
It back to *Tybalt*, whose dexterity

Retorts it: *Romeo* he cries aloud,
Hold Friends, Friends part, and swifter then his tongue,
His aged arme, beates downe their fatal points,
And twixt them rushes, vnderneath whose arme,
An enuius thrust from *Tybalt*, hit the life
Of stout *Mercutio*, and then *Tybalt* fled.

But by and by comes backe to *Romeo*,
Who had but newly entertained Reuenge,
And too't they goe like lightning, for ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout *Tybalt* slaine:
And as he fell, did *Romeo* turne and flie:
This is the truth, or let *Benuolio* die.

Cap. Wi. He is a kinsman to the *Mountague*,
Affection makes him false, he speaks not true:
Some twenty of them fought in this blacke strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life.
I beg for Iustice, which thou Prince must giue:
Romeo slew *Tybalt*, *Romeo* must not liue.

Prin. *Romeo* slew him, he slew *Mercutio*,
Who now the price of his deare blood doth owe.

Cap. Not *Romeo* Prince, he was *Mercutio's* Friend,
His fault concludes, but what the law should end,
The life of *Tybalt*.

Prin. And for that offence,
Immediately we doe exile him hence:
I haue an interest in your hearts proceeding:
My blood for your rude brawles doth lie a bleeding.
But Ile Amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the losse of mine.
It will be deafe to pleading and excufes,
Nor teares, nor prayers shall purchase our abuses.
Therefore vfe none, let *Romeo* hence in haft,
Else when he is found, that houre is his last.
Beare hence this body, and attend our will:
Mercy not Murders, pardoning those that kill.

Exeunt.

Enter Iuliet alone.

Iul. Gallop apace, you fiery footed steedes,
Towards *Phæbus* lodging, such a Wagoner
As *Phaeton* would whip you to the west,
And bring in Cloudie night immediately.
Spred thy clofe Curtaine Loue-performing night,
That run-awayes eyes may wincke, and *Romeo*
Leape to these armes, vntalkt of and vnseene,
Louers can see to doe their Amorous rights,
And by their owne Beauties: or if Loue be blind,
It best agrees with night: come ciuill night,
Thou sober suted Matron all in blacke,
And learne me how to loofe a winning match,
Plaid for a paire of stainlesse Maidenhoods,
Hood my vnman'd blood bayting in my Cheekes,
With thy Blacke mantle, till strange Loue grow bold,
Thinke true Loue acted simple modestie:
Come night, come *Romeo*, come thou day in night,
For thou wilt lie vpon the wings of night
Whiter then new Snow vpon a Rauens backe:
Come gentle night, come louing blackebrow'd night.
Giue me my *Romeo*, and when I shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little starres,
And he will make the Face of heauen so fine,
That all the world will be in Loue with night,
And pay no worship to the Garish Sun.
O I haue bought the Mansion of a Loue,
But not posselt it, and though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy'd, so tedious is this day,
As is the night before some Festiual,

To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not weare them, O here comes my Nurse :

Enter Nurse with cords.

And she brings newes and euery tongue that speaks
But *Romeos*, name, speaks heavenly eloquence:
Now Nurse, what newes? what hast thou there ?
The Cords that *Romeo* bid thee fetch ?

Nur. I, I, the Cords.

Iul. Ay me, what newes ?

Why dost thou wring thy hands.

Nur. A welady, hee's dead, hee's dead,
We are vndone Lady, we are vndone.
Alacke the day, hee's gone, hee's kil'd, he's dead.

Iul. Can heauen be so enuious ?

Nur. *Romeo* can,
Though heauen cannot. O *Romeo, Romeo,*
Who euer would haue thought it *Romeo*.

Iul. What diuell art thou,

That dost torment me thus ?
This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell,
Hath *Romeo* slaine himselfe ? say thou but I,
And that bare vowell I shall poyson more
Then the death-darting eye of Cockatrice,
I am not I, if there be such an I.

Or those eyes shot, that makes thee answere I :
If he be slaine say I, or if not, no.

Briefe, founds, determine of my weale or wo.

Nur. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,
God faue the marke, here on his manly brest,
A piteous Coarse, a bloody piteous Coarse :
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedawb'd in blood,
All in gore blood, I founded at the fight-

Iul. O breake my heart,

Poore Banckrout breake at once,
To prison eyes, nere looke on libertie.

Vile earth to earth resigne, end motion here,
And thou and *Romeo* presse on heaue beere.

Nur. O *Tybalt, Tybalt*, the best Friend I had:
O courteous *Tybalt* honest Gentleman,
That euer I should liue to see thee dead.

Iul. What storme is this that blowes so contrarie ?
Is *Romeo* slauhtred ? and is *Tybalt* dead ?

My dearest Cozen, and my dearer Lord :
Then dreadfull Trumpet sound the generall doome,
For who is liuing, if those two are gone ?

Nur. *Tybalt* is gone, and *Romeo* banished,
Romeo that kil'd him, he is banished.

Iul. O God !

Did *Rom's* hand shed *Tybalts* blood
It did, it did, alas the day, it did.

Nur. O Serpent heart, hid with a flowring face.

Iul. Did euer Dragon keepe so faire a Caue ?

Beautifull Tyrant, fiend Angelicall :

Rauenous Doue-feather'd Rauens,
Woluishe-rauening Lambe,
Dispised substance of Diuinest show :

Iust opposite to what thou iustly seem'ft,
A dimne Saint, an Honourable Villaine :

O Nature ! what had'ft thou to doe in hell,
When thou did'ft bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortall paradise of such sweet flesh ?

Was euer booke containing such vile matter
So fairely bound ? O that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous Pallace.

Nur. There's no trust, no faith, no honestie in men,
All periur'd, all forsworne, all naught, all dissemblers,

Ah where's my man ? giue me some Aqua-vitæ ?
These griefes, these woes, these forrowes make me old :
Shame come to *Romeo*.

Iul. Blister'd be thy tongue
For such a wish, he was not borne to shame :
Vpon his brow shame is asham'd to sit ;
For 'tis a throned where Honour may be Crown'd
Sole Monarch of the vniuersall earth:
O what a beast was I to chide him ?

Nur. Will you speake well of him,
That kil'd your Cozen ?

Iul. Shall I speake ill of him that is my husband ?
Ah poore my Lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
When I thy three houres wife haue mangled it.
But wherefore Villaine did'ft thou kill my Cozin ?
That Villaine Cozin would haue kil'd my husband :

Backe foolish teares, backe to your natie spring,
Your tributarie drops belong to woe,
Which you mistaking offer vp to ioy :

My husband liues that *Tibalt* would haue slaine,
And *Tibalt* dead that would haue slaine my husband :

All this is comfort, wherefore weepe I then ?
Some words there was worser then *Tybalts* death
That murdered me, I would forget it feine,

But oh, it presses to my memory,
Like damned guilty deedes to sinners minds,
Tybalt is dead and *Romeo* banished :

That banished, that one word banished,
Hath slaine ten thousand *Tibalts*: *Tibalts* death
Was wo enough if it had ended there:

Or if lower woe delights in fellowship,
And needly will be rankt with other griefes,
Why followed not when the said *Tibalts* dead,

Thy Father or thy Mother, nay or both,
Which moderne lamentation might haue mou'd.

But which a rere-ward following *Tybalts* death
Romeo is banished to speake that word,
Is Father, Mother, *Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet*,

All slaine, all dead: *Romeo* is banished,
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that words death, no words can that woe found.

Where is my Father and my Mother Nurse ?
Nur. Weeping and wailing ouer *Tybalts* Coarse,
Will you go to them ? I will bring you thither.

Iu. Wash they his wounds with tears: mine shall be spent
When theirs are drie for *Romeo's* banishment.
Take vp those Cordes, poore ropes you are beguil'd,
Both you and I for *Romeo* is exild:

He made you for a high-way to my bed,
But I a Maid, die Maiden widowed.

Come Cord, come Nurse, Ile to my wedding bed,
And death not *Romeo*, take my Maiden head.

Nur. Hie to your Chamber, Ile find *Romeo*
To comfort you, I wot well where he is:
Harke ye your *Romeo* will be heere at night,
Ile to him, he is hid at *Lawrence* Cell.

Iul. O find him, giue this Ring to my true Knight,
And bid him come, to take his last farewell.

Exit.

Enter Friar and Romeo.

Fri. *Romeo* come forth,
Come forth thou fearful man,
Affliction is enamor'd of thy parts:
And thou art wedded to calamitie.

Rom. Father what newes ?

What

What is the Princes Doome ?

What sorrow craues acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

Fri. Too familiar

Is my deare Sonne with such sower Company :
I bring thee tydings of the Princes Doome.

Rom. What lesse then Doomeday,

Is the Princes Doome ?

Fri. A gentler iudgement vanisht from his lips,
Not bodies death, but bodies banishment.

Rom. Ha, banishment? be mercifull, say death :
For exile hath more terror in his looke,

Much more then death: do not say banishment.

Fri. Here from Verona art thou banished :
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without Verona walles,
But Purgatorie, Torture, hell it selfe :

Hence banished, is banisht from the world,
And worlds exile is death. Then banished,
Is death, misteard, calling death banished,
Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden Axe,
And smilest vpon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin, O rude vnthankfulnesse !
Thy falt our Law calles death, but the kind Prince
Taking thy part, hath rusted aside the Law,
And turn'd that blacke word death, to banishment.
This is deare mercy, and thou seeest it not.

Rom. 'Tis Torture and not mercy, heauen is here

Where Iuliet liues, and euery Cat and Dog,
And little Mousse, euery vnworthy thing
Liueth here in Heauen and may looke on her,
But Romeo may not. More Validitie,
More Honourable state, more Courtship liues
In carrion Flies, then Romeo: they may feaze
On the white wonder of deare Iuliets hand,
And steale immortall blessing from her lips,
Who euen in pure and vestall modestie
Still blush, as thinking their owne kisses sin.

This may Flies doe, when I from this must flie,
And faist thou yet, that exile is not death ?

But Romeo may not, hee is banished.

Hadst thou no poyson mixt, no sharpe ground knife,
No sudden meane of death, though nere so meane,
But banished to kill me? Banished?

O Frier, the damned vsē that word in hell :

Howlings attends it, how hast thou the hart
Being a Diuine, a Ghostly Confessor,

A Sin-Absoeluer, and my Friend profest :

To mangle me with that word, banished ?

Fri. Then fond Mad man, heare me speake.

Rom. O thou wilt speake againe of banishment.

Fri. Ile giue thee Armour to keepe off that word,
Aduerities swete milke, Philosphie,

To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Rom. Yet banished? hang vp Philosphie:
Vnlesse Philosphie can make a Iuliet,

Displant a Towne, reuerse a Princes Doome,
It helpes not, it preuailes not, talke no more.

Fri. O then I see, that Mad men haue no eares.

Rom. How should they,

When wisemen haue no eyes ?

Fri. Let me dispaire with thee of thy estate,

Rom. Thou canst not speake of that y dost not feele,
Wert thou as young as Iuliet my Loue:
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,

Then mightest thou speake,
Then mightest thou teare thy hayre,
And fall vpon the ground as I doe now,
Taking the measure of an vnmade graue.

Enter Nurse, and knockes.

Frier. Arise one knockes,
Good Romeo hide thy selfe.

Rom. Not I,
Vnlesse the breath of Harticke groanes
Mist-like infold me from the search of eyes.

Knocke

Fri. Harke how they knocke :
(Who's there) Romeo arise,
Thou wilt be taken, stay a while, stand vp :

Knocke.

Run to my study: by and by Gods will
What simplenesse is this: I come, I come.

Knocke.

Who knocks so hard ?

Whence come you? what's your will?

Enter Nurse.

Nur. Let me come in,
And you shall know my errand :
I come from Lady Iuliet.

Fri. Welcome then.

Nur. O holy Frier, O tell me holy Frier,
Where's my Ladies Lord? where's Romeo ?

Fri. There on the ground,
With his owne teares made drunke.

Nur. O he is euen in my Mistresse cafe,
Iust in her cafe. O wofull sympathy :
Pittious predicament, euen so lies she,
Blubbring and weeping, weeping and blubbring,
Stand vp, stand vp, stand and you be a man,
For Iuliets sake, for her sake rise and stand :
Why should you fall into so deepe an O.

Rom. Nurse.

Nur. Ah sir, ah sir, deaths the end of all.

Rom. Speakst thou of Iuliet? how is it with her?
Doth not the thinke me an old Murtherer,
Now I haue stain'd the Childhood of my ioy,
With blood remoued, but little from her owne ?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what sayes
My conceal'd Lady to our conceal'd Loue ?

Nur. Oh she sayes nothing sir, but weeps and weeps,
And now fals on her bed, and then starts vp,
And Tybalt calls, and then on Romeo cries,
And then downe falls againe.

Ro. As if that name shot from the dead leuell of a Gun,
Did murder her, as that names curfed hand
Murdered her kinsman. Oh tell me Frier, tell me,
In what vile part of this Anatomie
Doth my name lodge? Tell me, that I may sacke
The hateful Mansion.

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand :
Art thou a man? thy forme cries out thou art :
Thy teares are womanish, thy wild acts denote
The vnreasonable Furie of a beast.

Vnseemely woman, in a seeming man,
And ill beseeming beast in seeming both,
Thou hast amaz'd me. By my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slaine Tybalt? wilt thou slay thy selfe ?
And slay thy Lady, that in thy life lies,
By doing damned hate vpon thy selfe ?

Why rayl'st thou on thy birth? the heauen and earth ?

Since birth, and heauen and earth, all three do meete
 In thee at once, which thou at once would'ft loofe.
 Fie, fie, thou sham'ft thy shape, thy loue, thy wit,
 Which like a Vfurder abound'ft in all :
 And vseft none in that true vse indeed,
 Which should bedecke thy shape, thy loue, thy wit :
 Thy Noble shape, is but a forme of waxe,
 Digressing from the Valour of a man,
 Thy deare Loue sworne but hollow periurie,
 Killing that Loue which thou haft vow'd to cherish.
 Thy wit, that Ornament, to shape and Loue,
 Mishapen in the conduct of them both :
 Like powder in a skilleffe Souldiers flaske,
 Is set a fire by thine owne ignorance,
 And thou dismembred with thine owne defence.
 What, rowfse thee man, thy *Juliet* is aliuie,
 For whose deare sake thou wast but lately dead.
 There art thou happy. *Tybalt* would kill thee,
 But thou slew'ft *Tybalt*, there art thou happie.
 The law that threatned death became thy Friend,
 And turn'd it to exile, there art thou happy.
 A packe or blessing light vpon thy backe,
 Happineffe Courts thee in her best array,
 But like a mishapen and fullen wench,
 Thou puttest vp thy Fortune and thy Loue :
 Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
 Goe get thee to thy Loue as was decreed,
 Ascend her Chamber, hence and comfort her :
 But looke thou stay not till the watch be set,
 For then thou canst not passe to *Mantua*,
 Where thou shalt liue till we can finde a time
 To blaze your marriage, reconcile your Friends,
 Beg pardon of thy Prince, and call thee backe,
 With twenty hundred thousand times more ioy
 Then thou went'ft forth in lamentation.
 Goe before Nurse, commend me to thy Lady,
 And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
 Which heauy sorrow makes them apt vnto.
Romeo is comming.

Nur. O Lord, I could haue staid here all night,
 To heare good counsell: oh what learning is!
 My Lord Ile tell my Lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my Sweete prepare to chide.

Nur. Heere sir, a Ring she bid me giue you sir :
 Hie you, make hast, for it growes very late.

Rom. How well my comfort is reuiu'd by this.

Fri. Go hence,
 Goodnight, and here stands all your state :
 Either be gone before the watch be set,
 Or by the breake of day disguis'd from hence,
 Sojourne in *Mantua*, Ile find out your man,
 And he shall signifie from time to time,
 Euery good hap to you, that channes here :
 Giue me thy hand, 'tis late, farewell, goodnight.
Rom. But that a ioy past ioy, calls out on me,
 It were a grieffe, so briefe to part with thee :
 Farewell.

Exeunt.

Enter old Capulet, his Wife and Paris.

Cap. Things haue falne out sir so vnluckily,
 That we haue had no time to moue our Daughter :
 Looke you, she Lou'd her kinsman *Tybalt* dearely,
 And so did I. Well, we were borne to die.
 'Tis very late, she'l not come downe to night :
 I promise you, but for your company,

I would haue bin a bed an houre ago.

Par. These times of wo, afford no times to wooe:
 Madam goodnight, commend me to your Daughter.

Lady. I will, and know her mind early to morrow,
 To night, she is mew'd vp to her heauineffe.

Cap. Sir *Paris*, I will make a desperate tender
 Of my Childes loue : I thinke she will be rul'd
 In all respects by me : nay more, I doubt it not.
 Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed,
 Acquaint her here, of my Sonne *Paris* Loue,
 And bid her, marke you me, on Wendsday next,
 But soft, what day is this ?

Par. Monday my Lord.

Cap. Monday, ha ha: well Wendsday is too soone,
 A Thursday let it be: a Thursday tell her,
 She shall be married to this Noble Earle :
 Will you be ready? do you like this hast?
 Weele keepe no great adoe, a Friend or two,
 For harke you, *Tybalt* being slaine so late,
 It may be thought we held him carelessly,
 Being our kinsman, if we reuell much :
 Therefore weele haue some halfe a dozen Friends,
 And there an end. But what say you to Thursday ?

Paris. My Lord,

I would that Thursday were to morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone, a Thursday, be it then :
 Go you to *Juliet* ere you go to bed,
 Prepare her wife, against this wedding day.
 Farewell my Lord, light to my Chamber hoa,
 Afore me, it is so late, that we may call ir early by and by,
 Goodnight.

Exeunt.

Enter Romeo and Juliet aloft.

Iul. Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet neere day :
 It was the Nightingale, and not the Larke,
 That pier'ft the fearefull hollow of thine eare,
 Nightly the sings on yond Pomgranet tree,
 Beleuee me Loue, it was the Nightingale.

Rom. It was the Larke the Herald of the Morne:
 No Nightingale: looke Loue what eniuous streakes
 Do lace the feuring Cloudes in yonder East :
 Nights Candles are burnt out, and locond day
 Stands tipto on the mistie Mountaines tops,
 I must be gone and liue, or stay and die.

Iul. Yond light is not daylight, I know it I :
 It is some Meteor that the Sun exhales,
 To be to thee this night a Torch-bearer,
 And light thee on thy way to *Mantua*.

Therefore stay yet, thou need'ft not to be gone,
Rom. Let me be tane, let me be put to death,
 I am content, so thou wilt haue it so.

Ile say yon gray is not the mornings eye,
 'Tis but the pale reflexe of *Cinthis* brow.
 Nor that is not Larke whose noates do beate
 The vaulty heauen so high above our heads,
 I haue more care to stay, then will to go :
 Come death and welcome, *Juliet* wills it so.
 How ist my soule, lets talke, it is not day.

Iuli. It is, it is, hie hence be gone away :
 It is the Larke that sings fo out of tune,
 Straining harsh Discords, and vnpleasing Sharpes.
 Some say the Larke makes sweete Diuision;
 This doth not so: for the diuideth vs.
 Some say, the Larke and loathed Toad change eyes,
 O now I would they had chang'd voyces too :

Since arme from arme that voyce doth vs affray,
Hunting thee hence, with Hunt f-vp to the day,
O now be gone, more light and itli ght growes.

Rom. More light & light, more darke & darke our woes.

Enter Madam and Nurse.

Nur. Madam.

Iul. Nurse.

Nur. Your Lady Mother is comming to your chamber,
The day is broke, be wary, looke about.

Iul. Then window let day in, and let life out.

Rom. Farewell, farewell, one kisse and Ile descend.

Iul. Art thou gone so? Loue, Lord, ay Husband, Friend,
I must heare from thee every day in the houre,
For in a minute there are many dayes,

O by this count I shall be much in yeares,

Ere I againe behold my *Romeo*.

Rom. Farewell :

I will omit no oportunitie,

That may conuey my greetings Loue, to thee.

Iul. O thinkest thou we shall euer meet againe?

Rom. I doubt it not, and all these woes shall serue
For sweet discourfes in our time to come.

Juliet. O God ! I haue an ill Diuining foule,
Me thinkes I see thee now, thou art so lowe,
As one dead in the bottome of a Tombe,
Either my eye-fight failes, or thou look'ft pale.

Rom. And trust me Loue, in my eye so do you :
Drie sorrow drinks our blood. Aduce, aduce.

Exit.

Iul. O Fortune, Fortune, all men call thee fickle,
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? be fickle Fortune:
For then I hope thou wilt not keepe him long,
But fend him backe.

Enter Mother.

Lad. Ho Daughter, are you vp?

Iul: Who ist that calls? Is it my Lady Mother.

Is she not downe so late, or vp so early?

What vnaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

Lad. Why how now *Juliet*?

Iul. Madam I am not well.

Lad. Euermore weeping for your Cozins death?

What wilt thou wash him from his graue with teares?

And if thou could'ft, thou could'ft not make him liue:
Therefore haue done, some griefe shewes much of Loue,
But much of griefe, shewes still some want of wit.

Iul. Yet let me weepe, for such a feeling losse.

Lad. So shall you feele the losse, but not the Friend
Which you weepe for.

Iul. Feeling so the losse,

I cannot chufe but euer weepe the Friend.

La. Well Girle, thou weep'ft not so much for his death,
As that the Villaine liues which slaughter'd him.

Iul. What Villaine, Madam?

Lad. That same Villaine *Romeo*.

Iul. Villaine and he, be many Miles assunder :

God pardon, I doe with all my heart :

And yet no man like he, doth grieue my heart.

Lad. That is because the Traitor liues.

Iul. I Madam from the reach of these my hands :

Would none but I might venge my Cozins death.

Lad. We will haue vengeance for it, feare thou not.

Then weepe no more, Ile fend to one in *Mantua*,

Where that same banisht Run-agate doth liue,

Shall giue him such an vnaccustom'd dram,

That he shall soone keepe *Tybalt* company :

And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.

Iul. Indeed I neuer shall be satisfied
With *Romeo*, till I behold him. Dead
Is my poore heart so for a kinsman vext :
Madam if you could find out but a man
To beare a payfon, I would temper it ;
That *Romeo* should vpon receipt thereof,
Soone sleepe in quiet. O how my heart abhors
To heare him nam'd, and cannot come to him,
To wreake the Loue I bore my Cozin,
Vpon his body that hath slaughter'd him.

Mo. Find thou the meanes, and Ile find such a man.
But now Ile tell thee ioyfull tidings Gyrle.

Iul. And ioy comes well, in such a needy time,
What are they, beseech your Ladyship?

Mo. Well, well, thou hast a careful Father Child?

One who to put thee from thy heauinesse,

Hath forted out a sudden day of ioy,

That thou expect'st not, nor I lookt not for.

Iul. Madam in happy time, what day is this?

Mo. Marry my Child, early next Thursday morne,
The gallant, young, and Noble Gentleman,
The Countie *París* at Saint *Peters* Church,
Shall happily make thee a ioyfull Bride.

Iul. Now by Saint *Peters* Church, and *Peter* too,
He shall not make me there a ioyfull Bride.

I wonder at this hast, that I must wed

Ere he that should be Husband comes to woe :

I pray you tell my Lord and Father Madam,

I will not marrie yet, and when I doe, I sweare

It shall be *Romeo*, whom you know I hate

Rather then *París*. These are newes indeed.

Mo. Here comes your Father, tell him so your selfe,
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet and Nurse.

Cap. When the Sun sets, the earth doth drizzle daew
But for the Sunset of my Brothers Sonne,
It raines downright.

How now? A Conduit Gyrle, what fill in teares?

Euermore showring in one little body?

Thou counterfaits a Barke, a Sea, a Wind :

For fill thy eyes, which I may call the Sea,

Do ebbe and flow with teares, the Barke thy body is

Sayling in this salt floud, the windes thy fighes,

Who raging with the teares and they with them,

Without a sudden calme will ouer fet

Thy tempest tossed body. How now wife?

Have you deliuered to her our decree?

Lady. I fir ;

But she will none, she giues you thanks,

I would the foole were married to her graue.

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you wife,

How, will she none? doth she not giue vs thanks?

Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,

Vnworthy as she is, that we haue wrought

So worthy a Gentleman, to be her Bridegroome

Iul. Not proud you haue,

But thankfull that you haue :

Proud can I neuer be of what I haue,

But thankfull euen for hate, that is meant Loue.

Cap. How now?

How now? Chopt Logicke? what is this?

Proud, and I thanke you: and I thanke you not.

Thanke me no thankings, nor proud me no prouids,

But fettle your fine ioints 'gainst Thursday next,

To go with *Paris* to Saint *Peters* Church :
Or I will drag thee, on a Hurdle thither.
Out you greene sicknesse carrion, out you baggage,
You tallow face.

Lady. Fie, fie, what are you mad ?

Iul. Good Father, I beseech you on my knees
Heare me with patience, but to speake a word.

Fa. Hang thee young baggage, disobedient wretch,
I tell thee what, get thee to Church a Thursday,
Or neuer after looke me in the face.
Speake not, reply not, do not answere me.
My fingers itch, wife : we scarce thought vs blest,
That God had lent vs but this onely Child,
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we haue a curse in hauing her :
Out on her Hilding.

Nur. God in heauen bleffe her,
You are too blame my Lord to rate her so.

Fa. And why my Lady wisedome? hold your tongue,
Good Prudence, smatter with your gossip, go.

Nur. I speake no treason,
Father, O Godigoden,
May not one speake ?

Fa. Peace you mumbling foole,
Vtter your grauitie ore a Gossips bowles
For here we need it not.

La. You are too hot.

Fa. Gods bread, it makes me mad:
Day, night, houre, ride, time, worke, play,
Alone in companie, still my care hath bin
To haue her matcht, and hauing now prouided
A Gentleman of Noble Parentage,
Of faire Demeanes, Youthfull, and Nobly Allied,
Stuff as they say with Honourable parts,
Proportion'd as ones thought would wish a man,
And then to haue a wretched puling foole,
A whining mammet, in her Fortunes tender,
To answer, Ile not wed, I cannot Loue :

I am too young, I pray you pardon me.
But, and you will not wed, Ile pardon you.
Graze where you will, you shall not houe with me :
Looke too't, thinke on't, I do not vse to leif.

Thursday is neere, lay hand on heart, aduise,
And you be mine, Ile giue you to my Friend :
And you be not, hang, beg, strauē, die in the streets,
For by my soule, Ile nere acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall neuer do thee good :
Trust too't, bethinke you, Ile not be forsworne

Exit.

Iuli. Is there no pittie sitting in the Clouds,
That sees into the bottome of my grieffe ?
O sweet my Mother cast me not away,
Delay this marriage, for a month, a weeke,
Or if you do not, make the Bridall bed
In that dim Monument where *Tybalts* lies.

Mo. Talke not to me, for Ile not speake a word,
Do as thou wilt, for I haue done with thee.

Exit.

Iul. O God !

O Nurse, how shall this be preuented ?
My Husband is on earth, my faith in heauen,
How shall that faith returne againe to earth,
Vnlesse that Husband fend it me from heauen,
By leauing earth ? Comfort me, counsaile me :
Hlacke, alacke, that heauen should practise stratagemes
Vpon so soft a subiect as my selfe.
What saist thou? hast thou not a word of ioy ?
Some comfort Nurse.

Nur. Faith here it is,
Romeo is banished, and all the world to nothing,
That he dares nere come backe to challenge you :
Or if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then since the case so stands as now it doth,
I thinke it best you married with the Countie,
Or hee's a Louely Gentleman :
Romeos a dish-clout to him : an Eagle Madam
Hath not so greene, so quicke, so faire an eye
As *Paris* hath, bestrow my very heart,
I thinke you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first: or if it did not,
Your first is dead, or 'twere as good he were,
As liuing here and you no vse of him.

Iul. Speakest thou from thy heart ?

Nur. And from my soule too,
Or else bestrow them both.

Iul. Amen.

Nur. What ?

Iul. Well, thou hast comforted me marue'lous much,
Go in, and tell my Lady I am gone,
Hauing displeas'd my Father, to *Lawrence* Cell,
To make confession, and to be absolu'd.

Nur. Marrie I will, and this is wisely done.

Iul. Auncient damnation, O most wicked fiend !

It is more sin to wish me thus forsworne,
Or to dispraise my Lord with that same tongue
Which she hath prais'd him with aboue compare,
So many thousand times ? Go Counsellor,
Thou and my bosome henchforth shall be twaine :
Ile to the Frier to know his remedie,
If all else faile, my selfe haue power to die.

Exeunt.

Enter Frier and Countie Paris.

Fri. On Thursday fir? the time is very short.

Par. My Father *Capulet* will haue it so,
And I am nothing slow to slack his hast.

Fri. You say you do not know the Ladies mind ?
Vneuen is the course, I like it not.

Pa. Immoderately she weepes for *Tybalts* death,
And therefore haue I litle talke of Loue,
For *Venus* smiles not in a houe of teares.
Now fir, her Father counts it dangerous
That she doth giue her sorrow so much sway :
And in his wisdome, hafts our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her teares,
Which too much minded by her selfe alone,
May be put from her by societie.

Now doe you know the reason of this hast ?

Fri. I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.
Looke fir, here comes the Lady towards my Cell.

Enter Iuliet.

Par. Happily met, my Lady and my wife.

Iul. That may be fir, when I may be a wife.

Par. That may be, must be Loue, on Thursday next.

Iul. What must be shall be.

Fri. That's a certaine text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this Father ?

Iul. To answere that, I should confesse to you.

Par. Do not denie to him, that you Loue me.

Iul. I will confesse to you that I Loue him.

Par. So will ye, I am sure that you Loue me.

Iul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
Benig spoke behind your backe, then to your face.

Par. Poore soule, thy face is much abus'd with teares.

Iuli. The

Iul. The teares haue got small victorie by that :
If it was bad enough before their fight.

Pa. Thou wrong'st it more then teares with that report.

Iul. That is no slander sir, which is a truth,
And what I spake, I spake it to thy face.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slandered it.

Iul. It may be so, for it is not mine owne.

Are you at leifure, Holy Father now,
Or shall I come to you at euening Masse?

Fri. My leifure serues me penfue daughter now.

My Lord you must intreat the time alone.

Par. Godsheild : I should disturbe Deuotion,
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rowle yee,
Till then adue, and keepe this holy kisse. *Exit Paris.*

Iul. O shut the doore, and when thou hast done so,
Come weepe with me, past howe, past care, past helpe.

Fri. O *Juliet*, I already know thy grieffe,
It streames me past the compasse of my wits :

I heare thou must and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this Countie.

Iul. Tell me not Frier that thou hearest of this,
Vnlesse thou tell me how I may preuent it :
If in thy wisdome, thou canst giue no helpe,
Do thou but call my resolution wife,
And with' his knife, Ile helpe it presently.

God ioyn'd my heart, and *Romeos*, thou our hands,
And ere this hand by thee to *Romeo* seal'd :

Shall be the Labell to another Deede,
Or my true heart with trecherous reuolt,
Turne to another, this shall slay them both :

Therefore out of thy long expetien't time,
Giue me some present counsell, or behold

Twixt my extreames and me, this bloody knife
Shall play the vmpere, arbitrating that,
Which the commission of thy yeares and art,

Could to no issue of true honour bring :

Be not so long to speak, I long to die,
If what thou speak'st, speake not of remedie.

Fri. Hold Daughter, I doe spie a kind of hope,
Which craues as desperate an execution,
As that is desperate which we would preuent.

If rather then to marrie Countie *Paris*
Thou hast the strength of will to stay thy selfe,

Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
A thinglike death to chide away this shame,

That coap't with death himselfe, to scape fro it :
And if thou dar'st, Ile giue thee remedie.

Iul. Oh bid me leape, rather then marrie *Paris* ,
From of the Battlements of any Tower,

Or walke in theeuish waies, or bid me lurke
Where Serpents are : chaine me with roaring Beares

Or hide me nightly in a Charnell house,
Orecouered quite with dead mens rattling bones,

With reekie shankes and yellow chappells sculls :
Or bid me go into a new made graue,

And hide me with a dead man in his graue ,
Things that to heare them told, haue made me tremble,

And I will doe it without feare or doubt,
To liue an vnstained wife to my sweet Loue.

Fri. Hold then: goe home, be merrie,, giue consent,
To marrie *Paris* : wensday is to morrow,

To morrow night looke that thou lie alone,
Let not thy Nurse lie with thee in thy Chamber :

Take thou this Violl being then in bed,
And this distilling liquor drinke thou off,

When presently through all thy veines shall run,

A cold and drowfie humour : for no pulfe
Shall keepe his natue progresse, but surcease:
No warmth, no breath shall testifie thou liuest,
The Roses in thy lips and cheekes shall fade
To many ashes, the eyes windowes fall
Like death when hee shut vp the day of life :
Each part depriu'd of supple government,
Shall stiffe and starke, and cold appeare like death,

And in this borrowed likeneffe of shrunke death
Thou shalt continue two and forty houres,
And then awake, as from a pleasant sleepe.

Now when the Bridegroome in the morning comes,
To rowle thee from thy bed, there art thou dead :

Then as the manner of our country is,
In thy best Robes vncover'd on the Beere,

Be borne to buriall in thy kindreds graue :
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,

Where all the kindred of the *Capulets* lie,
In the meane time against thou shalt awake,

Shall *Romeo* by my Letters know our drift,
And hither shall he come, and that very night
Shall *Romeo* beare thee hence to *Mantua*.

And this shall free thee from this present shame,
If no inconstant toy nor womanish feare,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Iul. Giue me, giue me, O tell not me of care.

Fri. Hold get you gone, be strong and prosperous :
In this resolute, Ile send a Frier with speed

To *Mantua* with my Letters to thy Lord.

Iu. Loue giue me strength,
And strength shall helpe afford :

Farewell deare father.

Exit

*Enter Father Capulet, Mother, Nurse, and
Serving men, two or three.*

Cap. So many guests inuite as here are writ,
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning Cookes.

Ser. You shall haue none ill sir, for Ile trie if they can
licke their fingers.

Cap. How canst thou trie them so ?

Ser. Marrie sir, 'tis an ill Cooke that cannot licke his
owne fingers : therefore he that cannot licke his fingers
goes not with me.

Cap. Go be gone, we shall be much vnfurnisht for this
time : what is my Daughter gone to Frier *Lawrence* ?

Nur. I forsooth.

Cap. Well he may chance to do some good on her,
A peeuish selfe-wild harlotry it is.

Enter Juliet.

Nur. See where she comes from shrift
With merrie looke.

Cap. How now my headstrong,
Where haue you bin gadding ?

Iul. Where I haue learnt me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition :

To you and your behests, and am enioyn'd
By holy *Lawrence*, to fall prostrate here,

To beg your pardon: pardon I beseech you,
Henceforward I am euer rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the Countie, goe tell him of this,
Ile haue this knot knit vp to morrow morning.

Iul. I met the youthfull Lord at *Lawrence* Cell,
And gaue him what became Loue I might,
Not stepping ore the bounds of modestie.

Cap. Why I am glad on't, this is well, stand vp,

This is as't should be, let me see the County :
I marrie go I say, and fetch him hither.
Now afore God, this reueren'd holy Frier,
All our whole Cittie is much bound to him.

Iul. Nurse will you goe with me into my Clofets,
To helpe me fort such needfull ornaments,
As you thinke fit to furnish me to morrow ?

Mo. No not till Thurſday, there's time enough.

Fa. Go Nurse, go with her,
Weele to Church to morrow.

Exeunt Iuliet and Nurse.

Mo. We shall be short in our prouision,

'Tis now neere night.

Fa. Tush, I will stirre about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee wife :
Go thou to *Juliet*, helpe to deckeup her,
Ile not to bed to night, let me alone :
Ile play the hufwife for this once. What ho ?
They are all forth, well I will walke my selfe
To Countie *Paris*, to prepare him vp
Against to morrow, my heart is wondrous light,
Since this fame way-ward Gyrl is so reclaim'd.

Exeunt Father and Mother.

Enter Iuliet and Nurse.

Iul. I those attires are best, but gentle Nurse
I pray thee leaue me to my selfe to night :
For I haue need of many Oryſons,
To moue the heauens to smile vpon my state,
Which well thou know'st, is croſſe and full of sin.

Enter Mother.

Mo. What are you buſie ho? need you my help ?

Iul. No Madam, we haue cul'd such necessaries
As are behouuefull for our state to morrow :
So please you, let me now be left alone ;
And let the Nurse this night sit vp with you,
For I am ſure, you haue your hands full all,
In this so fudden buſineſſe.

Mo. Goodnight.

Get thee to bed and rest, for thou haſt need. *Exeunt.*

Iul. Farewell :

God knows when we shall meete againe.
I haue a faint cold feare thrills through my veines,
That almost freezes vp the heate of fire :
Ile call them backe againe to comfort me.
Nurse, what should she do here ?
My difmall Sceane, I needs muſt act alone :
Come Viall, what if this mixture do not worke at all ?
Shall I be married then to morrow morning ?
No, no, this shall forbid it. Lie thou there,
What if it be a poyſon which the Frier
Subtilly hath miniſtred to haue me dead,
Least in this marriage he should be diſhonour'd,
Because he married me before to *Romeo* ?
I feare it is, and yet me thinks it should not,
For he hath still benee tried a holy man.
How, if when I am laid into the Tombe,
I wake before the time that *Romeo*
Come to redeeme me? There's a fearefull point :
Shall I not then be ſtified in the Vault ?
To whose foule mouth no healthsome ayre breathes in,
And there die frangled ere my *Romeo* comes.
Or if I liue, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terròr of the place,
As in a Vaulte, an ancient receptacle,

Where for these many hundred yeeres the bones
Of all my buried Auncestors are packt,
Where bloody *Tybalt*, yet but greene in earth,
Lies feſtring in his shrow'd, where as they say,
At some houres in the night, Spirits resort :
Alacke, alacke, is it not like that I
So early waking, what with loathsome ſmels,
And shrikes like Mandrakes torne out of the earth,
That liuing mortalls hearing them, run mad.
O if I walke, shall I not be distraught,
Inuironed with all these hidious feares,
And madly play with my forefathers loyns ?
And plucke the mangled *Tybalt* from his shrow'd ?
And in this rage, with some great kinsmans bone,
As (with a club) dash out my desperate braines.
O looke, me thinks I see my Cozins Ghost,
Seeking out *Romeo* that did spit his body
Vpon my Rapiers point : stay *Tybalt*, stay ;
Romeo, *Romeo*, *Romeo*, here's drinke : I drinke to thee.

Enter Lady of the bouſe, and Nurse.

Lady. Hold,

Take these keies, and fetch more ſpices Nurse.

Nur. They call for Dates and Quinces in the Paſtrie.

Enter old Capulet.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir,
The second Cocke hath Crow'd,
The Curphew Bell hath rung, 'tis three a clocke :
Looke to the bakte meates, good *Angelica*,
Spare not for coſt.

Nur. Go you Cot-queane, go,
Get you to bed, faith youle be sicke to morrow
For this nights watching.

Cap. No not a whit: what ? I haue watcht ere now
All night for lesse cause, and nere benee sicke.

La. I you haue bin a Mouſe-hunt in your time,
But I will watch you from such watching now.

Exit Lady and Nurse.

Cap. A ieaious hood, a ieaious hood,
Now fellow, what there ?

Enter three or foure with ſpits, and logs, and baskets.

Fel. Things for the Cooke ſir, but I know not what.

Cap. Make haſt, make haſt, firrah, fetch drier Logs.
Call *Peter*, he will shew thee where they are.

Fel. I haue a head ſir, that will find out logs,
And neuer trouble *Peter* for the matter.

Cap. Maſſe and well ſaid, a merrie horſon, ha,
Thou shalt be loggerhead; good Father, 'tis day.

Play Muſicke

The Countie will be here with Muſicke ſtraight,
For so he ſaid he would, I heare him neere,
Nurse, wife, what ho? what Nurse I say ?

Enter Nurse.

Go waken *Juliet*, go and trim her vp,
Ile go and chat with *Paris*: hie, make haſt,
Make haſt, the Bridegroome, he is come already :
Make haſt I say.

Nur. Miſtris, what Miſtris? *Juliet*? Faſt I warrant her ſhe.
Why Lambe, why Lady, ſie you ſluggabed,
Why Loue I say? Madam, ſweet heart: why Bride ?
What not a word ? You take your peniworths now.
Sleepe for a weeke, for the next night I warrant
The Countie *Paris* hath ſet vp his reſt,
That you shall reſt but little, God forgiue me :
Marrie and Amen : how found is ſhe a ſleepe ?

I must needs wake her : Madam, Madam, Madam,
I, let the Countie take you in your bed,
Heele fright you vp yfaith. Will it not be?
What drest, and in your clothes, and downe againe ?
I must needs wake you : Lady, Lady, Lady ?
Alas, alas, helpe, helpe, my Ladies dead,
Oh welayday, that euer I was borne,
Some Aqua-vitæ ho, my Lord, my Lady ?

Mo. What noife is heere? *Enter Mother.*

Nur. O lamentable day.

Mo. What is the matter ?

Nur. Looke, looke, oh heaule day.

Mo. O me, O me, my Child, my onely life :

Reuiue, looke vp, or I will die with thee :

Helpe, helpe, call helpe.

Enter Father.

Fa. For shame bring *Juliet* forth, her Lord is come.

Nur. Shee's dead: decaft, shee's dead: alacke the day.

M. Alacke the day, shee's dead, shee's dead, shee's dead.

Fa. Ha ? Let me see her: out alas shee's cold,

Her blood is fetled and her ioynts are stiffe :

Life and thefe lips haue long bene feparated :

Death lies on her like an vntimely froft

Vpon the fwettest flower of all the field.

Nur. O Lamentable day !

Mo. O wofull time.

Fa. Death that hath tane her hence to make me waile,

Ties vp my tongue, and will not let me fpeake.

Enter Friar and the Countie.

Fri. Come, is the Bride ready to go to Church ?

Fa. Ready to go, but neuer to returne.

O Sonne, the night before thy wedding day,

Hath death laine with thy wife : there she lies,

Flower as she was, deflowred by him.

Death is my Sonne in law, death is my Heire,

My Daughter he hath wedded. I will die,

And leaue him all life liuing, all is deaths.

Pa. Haue I thought long to see this mornings face,

And doth it giue me fuch a fight as this ?

Mo. Accur'ft, vnhappy, wretched hatefull day,

Moft miserable houre, that ere time faw

In lafting labour of his Pilgrimage.

But one, poore one, one poore and louing Child,

But one thing to reioyce and folace in,

And cruell death hath catcht it from my fight.

Nur. O wo, O wofull, wofull, wofull day,

Moft lamentable day, moft wofull day,

That euer, euer, I did yet behold.

O day, O day, O day, O hatefull day,

Neuer was feene fo blacke a day as this :

O wofull day, O wofull day.

Pa. Beguild, diuorced, wronged, fpighted, flaine,

Moft detestable death, by thee beguil'd,

By cruell, cruell thee, quite ouerthrowne :

O loue, O life; not life, but loue in death.

Fa. Despis'd, ditreffed, hated, martir'd, kil'd,

Vncomfortable time, why cam'ft thou now

To murder, murder our folemnie ?

O Child, O Child; my foule, and not my Child,

Dead art thou, alacke my Child is dead,

And with my Child, my ioyes are buried.

Fri. Peace ho for shame, confusions : Care, liues not

In thefe confufions, heauen and your felfe

Had part in this faire Maid, now heauen hath all,

And all the better is it for the Maid :

Your part in her, you could not keep from death,

But heauen keeps his part in eternall life :

The moft you fought was her promotion,

For 'twas your heauen, she shouldst be aduan'ft,

And weepe ye now, feeing she is aduan'ft

Above the Cloudes, as high as Heauen it felfe ?

O in this loue, you loue your Child fo ill,

That you run mad, feeing that she is well :

Shee's not well married, that liues married long,

But shee's best married, that dies married yong.

Drie vp your teares, and sticke your Rosemarie

On this faire Coarfe, and as the custome is,

And in her best array beare her to Church :

For though some Nature bids all vs lament,

Yet Natures teares are Reafons merriment.

Fa. All things that we ordain'd Festiuall,

Turne from their office to blacke Funerall :

Our instruments to melancholy Bells,

Our wedding cheare, to a sad buriall Feast :

Our folemne Hymnes, to fullen Dyrges change :

Our Bri dall flowers serue for a buried Coarfe :

And all things change them to the contrarie.

Fri. Sir go you in ; and Madam, go with him,

And go fir *Paris*, euery one prepare

To follow this faire Coarfe vnto her graue :

The heauens do lowre vpon you, for some ill :

Moue them no more, by crossing their high will. *Exeunt*

Mu. Faith we may put vp our Pipes and be gone.

Nur. Honeft goodfellowes ; Ah put vp, put vp,

For well you know, this is a pitifull case.

Mu. I by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter Peter.

Pet. Mufitions, oh Mufitions,

Hearts ease, hearts ease,

O, and you will haue me liue, play hearts ease.

Mu. Why hearts ease ;

Pet. O Mufitions,

Because my heart it felfe plaies, my heart is full.

Mu. Not a dump we, 'tis no time to play now.

Pet. You will not then ?

Mu. No.

Pet. I will then giue it you foundly.

Mu. What will you giue vs ?

Pet. No money on my faith, but the gleeke.

I will giue you the Minstrell.

Mu. Then will I giue you the Seruing creature.

Peter. Then will I lay the seruing Creatures Dagger

on your pate. I will carie no Crochets, Ile Re you, Ile Fa

you, do you note me ?

Mu. And you Re vs, and Fa vs, you Note vs.

2.M. Pray you put vp your Dagger,

And put out your wit.

Then haue at you with my wit.

Peter. I will drie-beate you with an yron wit,

And put vp my yron Dagger.

Answer me like men :

When griping griefes the heart doth wound, then Mu-

sickewith her filuer found.

Why filuer found ? why Muficke with her filuer found ?

what fay you *Simon Catling* ?

Mu. Mary fir, because filuer hath a sweet found.

Pet. Prateft, what fay you *Hugh Rebecke* ?

2.M. I say filuer found, because Mufitions found for fil-

per. Prateft to, what fay you *Iames Sound-Post* ? (uer

3.Mu. Faith I know not what to fay.

Pet. O I cry you mercy, you are the Singer.

I will fay for you ; it is Muficke with her filuer found,

Because Musitions haue no gold for founding:
Then Musicke with her siluer sound, with speedy helpe
doth lend redresse. *Exit.*

Mu. What a pestilent knaue is this same?

M2. Hang him Iacke, come weele in here, tarrie for
the Mourners, and stay dinner. *Exit.*

Enter Romeo.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering truth of sleepe,
My dreames preface some ioyfull news at hand:
My bosomes L. fits lightly in his throne:
And all thisan day an vccustom'd spirit,
Lifts me about the ground with cheerefull thoughts.
I dreamt my Lady came and found me dead,
(Strange dreame that giues a dead man leaue to thinke,)
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reuiu'd and was an Emperour.
Ah me, how sweet is loue it selfe possest,
When but loues shadowes are so rich in ioy.

Enter Romeo's man.

News from Verona, how now *Balthazer*?
Dost thou not bring me Letters from the Frier?
How doth my Lady? Is my Father well?
How doth my Lady *Iuliet*? that I aske againe,
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Man. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill.
Her body sleeps in *Capels* Monument,
And her immortall part with Angels iue,
I saw her laid low in her kindreds Vault,
And presently tooke Poste to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing these ill newes,
Since you did leaue it for my office Sir.

Rom. Is it euen so?
Then I denie you Starres.
Thou knowest my lodging, get me inke and paper,
And hire Post-Horses, I will hence to night.

Man. I do beseech you sir, haue patience:
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceiu'd,
Leaue me, and do the thing I bid thee do.
Hast thou no Letters to me from the Frier?

Man. No my good Lord.

Exit Man.

Rom. Mo matter: Get thee gone,
And hyre those Horses, Ile be with thee straight.
Well *Iuliet*, I will lie with thee to night:
Lets see for meanes: O mischief thou art swift,
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men:
I do remember an Apothecarie,
And here abouts dwells, which late I noted
In tattered weeds, with ouerwhelming browes,
Culling of Simples, meager were his lookes,
Sharpe miserie had worne him to the bones:
And in his needie shop a Tortoyrs hung,
An Allegator stuf, and other skins
Of ill shap'd fishes, and about his shelves,
A beggerly account of emptie boxes,
Greene earthen pots, Bladders, and mustie seedes,
Remnants of packthred, and old cakes of Rofes
Were thinly scattered, to make vp a shew.
Noting this penury, to my selfe I said,
An if a man did need a poyson now,
Whose sale is pernent death in *Mantua*,
Here liues a Caitiffe wretch would sell it him.
O this same thought did but fore-run my need,
And this same needie man must sell it me.

As I remember, this should be the house,
Being holy day, the beggers shop is shut.
What ho? Apothecarie?

Enter Apothecarie.

App. Who call's so low'd?

Rom. Come hither man, I see that thou art poore,
Hold, there is fortie Duckets, let me haue
A dram of poyson, such soone speeding gear,
As will disperle it selfe through all the veins,
That the life-wearie-taker may fall dead,
And that the Trunke may be discharg'd of breath,
As violently, as hastic powder fier'd
Doth hurry from the fatal Canons wombe.

App. Such mortall drugs I haue, but *Mantuas* law
Is death to any he, that vters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare and full of wretchednesse,
And fear'st to die? Famine is in thy cheekes,
Need and opression starueth in thy eyes,
Contempt and beggery hangs vpon thy backe:
The world is not thy friend, nor the worlds law:
The world affords no law to make thee rich.
Then be not poore, but breake it, and take this.

App. My pouerty, but not my will consents.

Rom. I pray thy pouerty, and not thy will.

App. Put this in any liquid thing you will
And drinke it off, and if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

Rom. There's thy Gold,
Worse poyson to mens soules,
Doing more murder in this loathsome world,
Then these poore compounds that thou maiest not sell.
I sell thee poyson, thou hast fold me none,
Farewell, buy food, and get thy selfe in flesh.
Come Cordially, and not poyson, go with me
To *Iuliet's* graue, for there must I vse thee.

Exeunt.

Enter Frier Iohn to Frier Lawrence.

Iohn. Holy Franciscan Frier, Brother, ho?

Enter Frier Lawrence.

Law. This same should be the voice of Frier *Iohn*.
Welcome from *Mantua*, what sayes *Romeo*?
Or if his mind be writ, giue me his Letter.

Iohn. Going to find a bare-foote Brother out,
One of our order to associate me,
Here in this Citie visiting the sick,
And finding him, the Searchers of the Towne
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did raigne,
Seal'd vp the doores, and would not let vs forth,
So that my speed to *Mantua* there was staid.

Law. Who bare my Letter then to *Romeo*?

Iohn. I could not fend it, here it is againe,
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearefull were they of infection.

Law. Vnhappie Fortune: by my Brotherhood
The Letter was not nice, but full of charge,
Of deare import, and the neglecting it
May do much danger: Frier *Iohn* go hence,
Get me an Iron Crow, and bring it straight
Vnto my Cell.

Iohn. Brother Ile go and bring it thee.

Exit.

Law. Now must I to the Monument alone,
Within this three houres will faire *Iuliet* wake,
Shee will beshrew me much that *Romeo*
Hath had no notice of these accidents:
But I will write againe to *Mantua*,

And

And keepe her at my Cell till *Romeo* come,
Poore liuing Coarfe, clos'd in a dead mans Tombe,

Exit.

Enter Paris and his Page.

Par. Giue me thy Torch Boy, hence and stand aloft,
Yet put it out, for I would not be seene:
Vnder yond young Trees lay thee all along,
Holding thy eare close to the hollow ground,
So shall no foot vpon the Churchyard tread,
Being loose, vnfirm with digging vp of Graues,
But thou shalt heare it: whistle then to me,
As signall that thou hearest some thing approach,
Giue me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the Churchyard, yet I will aduenteure.
Pa. Sweet Flower with flowers thy Bridall bed I strew:
O woe, thy Canopie is dust and stones,
Which with sweet water nightly I will dewe,
Or wanting that, with teares destil'd by mones;
The obsequies that I for thee will keepe,
Nightly shall be, to strew thy graue, and weepe.

Whistle Boy.

The Boy giues warning, something doth approach,
What curst foot wanders this wayes to night,
To crosse my obsequies, and true loues right?
What with a Torch? Muffle me night a while.

Enter Romeo, and Peter.

Rom. Giue me that Mattocke, & the wrenching Iron,
Hold take this Letter, early in the morning
See thou deliuer it to my Lord and Father,
Giue me the light; vpon thy life I charge thee,
What ere thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloofe,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my Ladies face:
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger,
A precious Ring: a Ring that I must vse,
In deare employment, therefore hence be gone:
But if thou jealous dost returne to prie
In what I further shall intend to do,
By heauen I will teare thee ioynt by ioynt,
And strew this hungry Churchyard with thy limbs:
The time, and my intents are sauage wilde:
More fierce and more inexorable farre,
Then emptie Tygers, or the roaring Sea.

Pet. I will be gone sir, and not trouble you

Ro. So shalt thou shew me friendship: take thou that,
Lieu and be prosperous, and farewell good fellow.

Pet. For all this fame, he hide me here about,
His looks I feare, and his intents I doubt.

Rom. Thow detestable mawe, thou wombe of death,
Gorg'd with the dearest morrell of the earth:
Thus I enforce thy rotten lawes to open,
And in despite, Ile cram thee with more food.

Par. This is that banisht haughtie *Mountague*,
That murdered my Loues Cozin; with which griefe,
It is supposed the faire Creature died,
And here is come to do some villanous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.
Stop thy vnhalloved toyle, vile *Mountague*:
Can vengeance be purfued further then death?
Condemned vallaine, I do apprehend thee.
Obey and go with me, for thou must die,

Rom. I must indeed, and therefore came I hither:
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man,
Flie hence and leaue me, thinke vpon those gone,
Let them affright thee. I befeech thee Youth,
Put not an other sin vpon my head,
By vrging me to furie. O be gone,
By heauen I loue thee better then my selfe,
For I come hither arm'd against my selfe:
Stay not, be gone, lieue, and hereafter say,
A mad mans mercy bid thee run away.

Par. I do desie thy commiseration,
And apprehend thee for a Fellow here.

Ro. Wilt thou prouoke me? Then haue at thee Boy.

Pet. O Lord thy fight, I will go call the Watch.

Pa. O I am flaine, if thou be mercifull,
Open the Tombe, lay me with *Juliet*.

Rom. In faith I will, let me peruse this case:
Mercutius kinsman, Noble Countie *Paris*,
What said my man, when my betossed soule
Did not attend him as we rode? I thinke
He told me *Paris* should haue married *Juliet*.
Said he not so? Or did I dreame it so?

Or am I mad, hearing him talke of *Juliet*,
To thinke it was so? O giue me thy hand,
One, writ with me in fowre misfortunes booke.
Ile burie thee in a triumphant graue.

A Graue; O no, a Lanthorne; slaughtered Youth:
For here lies *Juliet*, and her beautie makes
This Vault a feasting presence full of light.
Death lie thou there, by a dead man inter'd.
How oft when men are at the point of death,
Haue they bene merrie? Which their Keepers call
A lightning before death? Oh how may I
Call this a lightning? O my Loue, my Wife,
Death that hath suckt the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet vpon thy Beautie:
Thou are not conquer'd: Beauties enfligne yet
Is Crymson in thy lips, and in thy cheekes,
And Deaths pale flagis not advanced there.

Tybalt, ly'st thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O what more fauour can I do to thee,
Then with that hand that cut thy youth in twaine,
To funder his that was thy enemy?
Forgiue me Cozen. Ah deare *Juliet*:
Why art thou yet so faire? I will beleuee,
Shall I beleuee, that vnsubstantiall death is amorous?
And that the leane abhorred Monster keeps
Thee here in darke to be his Paramour?
For feare of that, I still will stay with thee,
And neuer from this Pallace of dym night
Depart againe: come lie thou in my armes,
Heere's to thy health, wher ere thou tumblest in.
O true Apothecarie!

Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die.
Depart againe; here, here will I remaine,
With Wormes that are thy Chambermaidens: O here
Will I fet vp my euerlasting rest:
And shake the yoke of inauspicious starres
From this world-wearied flesh: Eyes looke your last:
Armes take your last embrace: And lips, O you
The doores of breath, feale with a righteous kisse
A datelesse bargaine to ingrossing death:
Come bitter conduct, come vnfaoury guide,
Thou desperat Pilot, now at once run on
The dashing Rocks, thy Sea-sicke wearie Barke:
Heere's to my Loue. O true Apothecary:

Thy

Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die.

Enter Frier with Lantborne, Crow and Spade.

Fri. St. Francis be my speed, how oft to night
Haue my old feet stumbled at graues? Who's there?

Man. Here's one, a Friend, & one that knowes you well.

Fri. Blisse be vpon you. Tell me good my Friend
What Torch is yond that vainly lends his light
To grubs, and eyelesse Sculles? As I discern,
It burneth in the *Capels* Monument.

Man. It doth fo holy fir,
And there's my Master, one that you loue.

Fri. Who is it?

Man. *Romeo.*

Fri. How long hath he bin there?

Man. Full halfe an houre.

Fri. Go with me to the Vault.

Man. I dare not Sir.

My Master knowes not but I am gone hence,
And fearefully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to looke on his intents.

Fri. Stay, then Ile go alone, feares comes vpon me.
O much I feare some ill vnluckie thing.

Man. As I did sleepe vnder this young tree here,
I dreamt my maister and another fought,
And that my Maister slew him.

Fri. *Romeo.*

Alacke, alacke, what blood is this which staines
The stony entrance of this Sepulcher?
What meane these Masterlesse, and goarie Swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?
Romeo, oh pale: who else? what *Paris* too?
And steept in blood? Ah what an vnkind houre
Is guiltie of this lamentable chance?
The Lady stirs.

Iul. O comfortable Frier, where's my Lord?
I do remember well where I should be:
And there I am, where is my *Romeo*?

Fri. I heare some noyse Lady, come from that next
Of death, contagion, and vnnatural sleepe,
A greater power then we can contradiet
Hath thwarted our intents, come, come away,
Thy husband in thy bosome there lies dead;
And *Paris* too: come Ile dispose of thee,
Among a Sisterhood of holy Nunnas:
Stay not to question, for the watch is comming.
Come, go good *Iuliet*, I dare no longer stay. *Exit.*

Iul. Go get thee hence, for I will not away,
What's here? A cup clos'd in my true lo: es hand?
Poyson I see hath bin his timelesse end
O churle, drinke all? and left no friendly drop,
To helpe me after, I will kisse thy lips,
Happlie some poyson yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative.
Thy lips are warme.

Enter Boy and Watch.

Watch. Lead Boy, which way?

Iul. Yea noyse?

Then Ile be briefe. O happy Dagger.
'Tis in thy sheath, there rust and let me die *Kills herselfe.*

Boy. This is the place,
There where the Torch doth burne

Watch. The ground is bloody,
Search about the Churchyard.

Go some of you, who ere you find attach.
Pittifull sight, here lies the Countie slaine,
And *Iuliet* bleeding, warme and newly dead

Who here hath laine these two dayes buried.

Go tell the Prince, runne to the *Capulets*,
Raife vp the *Mountagues*, some others search,
We see the ground whereon these woes do lye,
But the true ground of all these piteous woes,
We cannot without circumstance descry.

Enter Romeo's man.

Watch. Here's *Romeo's* man,
We found him in the Churchyard.

Con. Hold him in safety, till the Prince come hither.

Enter Frier, and another Watchman.

3. *Wat.* Here is a Frier that trembles, sighes, and weepes
We tooke this Mattocke and this Spade from him,
As he was comming from this Church-yard side.

Con. A great suspition, stay the Frier too.

Enter the Prince.

Prin. What misadventure is so early vpon,
That calls our person from our mornings rest?

Enter Capulet and his Wife.

Cap. What should it be that they fo shrike abroad?

Wife. O the people in the streete crie *Romeo.*

Some *Iuliet*, and some *Paris*, and all runne
With open outcry toward our Monument.

Fri. What feare is this which startles in your eares?

Wat. Soueraigne, here lies the Countie *Paris* slaine,
And *Romeo* dead, and *Iuliet* dead before,
Warme and new kil'd.

Prin. Search,
Seeke, and know how, this foule murder comes.

Wat. Here is a Frier, and Slaughter'd *Romeos* man,
With Instruments vpon them fit to open
These dead mens Tombs.

Cap. O heauen!

O wife looke how our Daughter bleedes!
This Dagger hath mistaine, for loe his house
Is empty on the backe of *Mountague*,
And is misheathed in my Daughters bosome.

Wife. O me, this sight of death, is as a Bell
That warnes my old age to a Sepulcher.

Enter Mountague.

Fri. Come *Mountague*, for thou art early vp
To see thy Sonne and Heire, now early downe.

Moun. Alas my liege, my wife is dead to night,
Griefe of my Sonnes exile hath stopt her breath:
What further woe conspires against my age?

Prin. Looke: and thou shalt see.

Moun. O thou vntaught, what manners in is this,
To presse before thy Father to a graue?

Prin. Seale vp the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can cleare these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent,
And then will I be generall of your woes,
And lead you euen to death: meane time forbear,
And let mischance be slaua to patience,
Bring forth the parties of suspition.

Fri. I am the greatest, able to doe least,
Yet most suspected as the time and place
Doth make against me of this direfull murder:
And heere I stand both to impeach and purge
My selfe condemned, and my selfe excus'd.

Prin. Then say at once, what thou dost know in this?

Fri. I will be briefe, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo there dead, was husband to that *Iuliet*,
And she there dead, that's *Romeos* faithfull wife:

I married them; and their stolne marriage day
 Was *Tybalt's* Doomesday: whose vntimely death
 Banish'd the new-made Bridegroome from this Citie:
 For whom (and not for *Tybalt Iuliet* pinde.
 You, to remoue that siege of Greefe from her,
 Betroth'd, and would haue married her perforce
 To Countie *Paris*. Then comes she to me,
 And (with wilde lookes) bid me deuisse some meanes
 To rid her from this second Marriage,
 Or in my Cell there would she kill her selfe.
 Then gaue I her (so Tutor'd by my Art)
 A sleeping Potion, which so tooke effect
 As I intended, for it wrought on her
 The forme of death. Meane time, I writ to *Romeo*,
 That he should hither come, as this dyre night,
 To helpe to take her from her borrowed graue,
 Being the time the Potions force should cease.
 But he which bore my Letter, Frier *John*,
 Was stay'd by accident; and yesternight
 Return'd my Letter backe. Then all alone,
 At the prefixed houre of her waking,
 Came I to take her from her Kindreds vault,
 Meaning to keepe her closely at my Cell,
 Till I conueniently could send to *Romeo*.
 But when I came (some Minute ere the time
 Of her awaking) heere vntimely lay
 The Noble *Paris*, and true *Romeo* dead.
 Shee wakes, and I intreated her come forth,
 And beare this worke of Heauen, with patience:
 But then, a noyse did fcarre me from the Tombe,
 And she (too desperate) would not go with me,
 But (as it seemes) did violence on her selfe.
 All this I know, and to the Marriage her Nurse is priuy:
 And if ought in this mis-carried by my fault,
 Let my old life be sacrific'd, some houre before the time,
 Vnto the rigour of seuerest Law.

Prin. We still haue knowne thee for a Holy man.

Where's *Romeo's* man? What can he say to this?

Boy. I brought my Mafter newes of *Iuliet's* death,

And then in poste he came from *Mantua*
 To this same place, to this same Monument.
 This Letter he early bid me giue his Father,
 And threatned me with death, going in the Vault,
 If I departed not, and left him there.

Prin. Giue me the Letter, I will look on it.
 Where is the Counties Page that rais'd the Watch?
 Sirra, what made your Mafter in this place?

Page. He came with floures to strew his Ladies graue,
 And bid me stand aloofe, and so I did:
 Anon comes one with light to ope the Tombe,
 And by and by my Mafter drew on him,
 And then I ran away to call the Watch.

Prin. This Letter doth make good the Friers words,
 Their course of Loue, the tydings of her death:
 And heere he writes, that he did buy a poyson
 Of a poore Pothecarie, and therewithall
 Came to this Vault to dye, and lye with *Iuliet*.
 Where be these Enemies? *Capulet*, *Mountague*,
 See what a scourge is laide vpon your hate,
 That Heauen finds meanes to kill your ioyes with Loue;
 And I, for winking at your discords too,
 Haue lost a brace of Kinmen: All are punish'd.

Cap. O Brother *Mountague*, giue me thy hand,
 This is my Daughters ioynture, for no more
 Can I demand.

Moun. But I can giue thee more:
 For I will raise her Statue in pure Gold,
 That whiles *Verona* by that name is knowne,
 There shall no figure at that Rate be set,
 As that of True and Faithfull *Iuliet*.

Cap. As rich shall *Romeo* by his Lady lye,
 Poore sacrifices of our enmity.

Prin. A glooming peace this morning with it brings,
 The Sunne for sorrow will not shew his head;
 Go hence, to haue more talke of these sad things,
 Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished.
 For neuer was a Storie of more Wo,
 Then this of *Iuliet*, and her *Romeo*.

Exeunt omnes

FINIS.







